

# AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE

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Painting of Richard Harding Davis, by Mrs. Davis.

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# AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE

VOL. VII.

FEBRUARY, 1901.

No. 1

## RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

By ALLEN SANGREE

A MAN youthful in years and appearance who has beaten his way to lasting success in a short time is worth knowing. More than that, he is worth studying. He has distinction. Was it thrust upon him? He has influence. Does he merit it? The people of two continents read what he writes. Why?

I put the last question to Richard Harding Davis while walking through a dingy side street in New York before Christmas, and the answer came in the form of a question.

"See that bartender?" pointing across the way where a low-browed man, with close-cropped hair and protruding jaw, was perched on a stepladder festooning the doorway of a saloon with evergreens and holly.

"Yes," I replied.

"Well, what does that suggest to you?"

Inasmuch as I had seen similar beings engaged in a like task all over the city, the incident to me appeared commonplace, and a million other persons would have agreed with me.

But what Mr. Davis saw in it was that this man, who a

few hours before had probably beaten in a drunken patron's face and sent him home bruised and bleeding to his miserable family, should now be engaged in so cheerful and gladsome a work. Such was the first thought that occurred to him. The motives of the bartender interested him. Had he been assigned as a reporter to write a story about that incident he would not

have told the height of the ladder or the color of the house. We know now what he would have told.

"That's your secret, then?" I asked. "You see things?"

"Well I try to," he replied, "I never walk one city block that I do not see twenty things to interest me. I tire my friends sometimes by pointing them out. Their minds run in different channels. But this ability to see things is my greatest joy in life, incidentally my living. I cultivated it when I began reporting, and to this day if I see a man turn in a car to look out the window I unconsciously turn with him. He may have observed something that escaped me—



The Little Girl in the Wang Company, Who Suggested Mr. Davis' Story, "Her First Appearance." This Story Was Later Dramatized by Robert Hilliard, as "The Littlest Girl."

something that contains an element of human interest, and I hold no effort wasted that may add to this general cargo of life's impressions."

This ability of Davis to "see things" is no little helped by an almost perfect eyesight.

General Miles pronounced it better than that of any man in the United States Army. Personally, I have known Davis to decipher with the naked eye a sign from the deck of a German steamer quarantined at Aden when others could barely make it out with field glasses.

But it would be injustice to Mr. Davis and an insult to his multitude of readers to ascribe the writer's vogue purely to good eyesight. The man on the bridge of an Atlantic liner has that; so has the detective. And Davis, if you like, is a detective, but a detective with a head, a detective with an appreciation for the dramatic, the pathetic, the human. He speaks of discovering this ability when he began reporting. It is more plausible to believe that he always had it, and that newspaper work simply brought it out. For from the very outset of his newspaper career the city editor recognized that this reporter had ever an original method of handling a story. Some human note he struck, some dust-covered gem he revealed that arrested the thought of bank president and plumber as they



Mr. Davis at the Age of 23. While a Reporter on the Philadelphia Press, he Went in Disguise and Lived With the Thieves of Wood Street, as a Burglar, Exposing Their Methods and Driving Them Out of the City.

### A Roman in the life of Mr. Burke

Alfred Burke was a young man of  
 honor countenance and good like  
 figure who ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~known~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~by~~ <sup>known</sup> some men  
 in the 4th ward market  
 his uncle if in a more exclusive  
 neighborhood where he would later  
 in life have ~~been~~ <sup>been</sup> ~~known~~ <sup>known</sup> off the streets  
 in a well-made frock coat.  
 He made a Harry been born in  
 the river front he had followed  
 the river for a livelihood and had  
 been ~~known~~ <sup>known</sup> ~~as~~ <sup>as</sup> ~~some~~ <sup>some</sup> ~~when~~ <sup>when</sup> ~~other~~ <sup>other</sup> ~~children~~ <sup>children</sup>  
 were of his age ~~just~~ <sup>just</sup> ~~able~~ <sup>able</sup> to walk  
 this fact had been ~~accidentally~~ <sup>accidentally</sup>  
 discovered ~~by~~ <sup>by</sup> ~~his~~ <sup>his</sup> ~~father~~ <sup>father</sup> and ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~him~~ <sup>him</sup>  
 ranked for by those who had seen

A Facsimile Page of Mr. Davis' Manuscript

stumbled through the mass of daily print, and remained in the memory of each long after the paper had been re-ground to pulp.

I have in mind a story in the *Evening Sun* that serves to illustrate this.

At 8 o'clock

on a spring morning the blotter at Police Headquarters recorded a trifling fire on the East Side. News being dull, Davis was sent to cover it. He found a rickety tenement house in which fire had little more than singed the top floor. The crowd had left, a few ashes were smouldering and the insurance adjusters were examining the place.

"Nothing here," said the policeman on watch. "Only \$500 damage and a bum lodger asphyxiated. He's in that room."

The reporters peeped, saw the blackened face and rigid form, a man unnamed and forgotten—and wrote a paragraph. The *Evening Sun* reporter, in mouching about, saw an alarm clock by the dead man's side with the hand pointing to 7 o'clock.

"What time did you break in here?" he asked.

"Let me see," yawned the blue-coat. "Seven o'clock it was. I remember because that alarm was going off just as I got inside."

"That's my story," said Davis, and he began his account, touching and vivid, simply with: "The man died at 6:30. The alarm went off at



7. It was just half an hour too late."

When I recalled the incident to Davis, he remembered it so well as to repeat parts of it.

"What impressed me," he told me, "was that impotent alarm clock jangling away when the owner was dead. A man's existence had been cut short because that fifty-cent clock could not give its alarm a few minutes earlier."

It is common to hear persons remark: "Well, according to all the stories circulated about Richard Harding Davis, he must be a very objectionable person, and I don't like him. But somehow or other when you begin one of his articles you've got to read it to the end. I don't think he's a great writer, mind you, but he's certainly interesting. I don't know why."

Mr. Davis, having made a study of his art for fifteen years, should be best able to explain.

"In the first place," he says, "I use similes that the man at home can understand; secondly, I tell the thing as it impressed me when I first saw it; thirdly, I always tell the thing that most interests me."

Carlyle could make a semicolon talk; Mr. Davis can put a battle in South Africa before the eyes of the Chicago reader in a sentence. In writing of the Tommies packed together on a kopje, he says they looked

like "a crowd on the bleacher boards at a baseball match," and you can see them. It is a great temptation of writers of travel to show off, to tell how many countries they have visited. Mr. Davis avoids this. He does not say the Pyramids are higher than the Mosque of St. Sophia, but that they are "one hundred feet higher than Madison Square tower." He was writing for a New York public then and could not feel sure that a majority of his readers had seen St. Sophia. The latter he describes as "about as big as the auditorium of the Fifth Avenue Theatre." In another place he says, "Brindisi looks like Long Island City when you come into it from the rear." That puts a man at home in Brindisi, and he is prepared to learn more about it.

In support of his rule to tell the thing



Mr. Davis Gathering Material for His Book on the "Rulers of the Mediterranean."



The Bowditch Cottage in Marion, Where Mr. Davis has Written Most of His Short Stories.

as he first saw it, Davis goes on the theory that the reader is no more intelligent than he was when he landed in a town or country. He believes, what the intelligent person already knows, that after one has lived in a place for a while he becomes so much a part of it, so much involved in its politics and *ménage* that he is no longer an impartial observer. He begins to use the country's local phrases and write as though for the local paper. He forgets that the business man in Denver and Buffalo is not traveling along with him, instead of trying to get a vivid understanding of the country or battle from a distance of 10,000 miles. Davis always puts himself in the position of the man at home, and while other correspondents clog up their accounts with personalities and localisms he sticks to the first impression.

As to the third rule, Mr. Davis says it formed in his mind one night at a prize fight. It was the first one he had ever attended, and while deeply fascinated with the tiger-like movements of the pugilists, the painful kiss of the five-ounce glove, and

the spray of red blood, what interested him more was the conduct of the mayor. This city official sat near the ring and everybody watched him; took their cue from him. The man's collar had lost its moorings behind, and in consequence all dignity. With each successive round it behaved more erratically, now moving up, now down, his honor clutching madly at times to hold it in place, so that the collar fairly reflected the fight. Instead of describing the various upper cuts and straight jabs, therefore, Davis merely described the struggle 'twixt the mayor and his collar.

"This conviction to write what interests me," said Mr. Davis, "was strengthened on a visit to Mexico, where I was stranded in an out-of-the-way village and chanced to pick up a *Harper's Magazine*. The three important articles were one by Weeks on India, one by Child on South America, and one by Julian Ralph on Chicago. Well, the only one I read was the one on Chicago, and I asked myself why? 'You don't know anything about South America or India,' I said,

*much curiosity. The swiftly done work of the journalist, and the cheap finish and ready-made methods to which it leads, you must try to counteract by in private by writing with the most conscientious thoroughness and on the most ambitious models. And when I say "writing" — O, believe me, it is re-writing that I have chiefly in my mind. If you will do <sup>this</sup> for me, I hope to hear of you some day.*

*Please excuse this scrawl from.*

*Yours obliged*

*Robert Louis Stevenson*



Gov. Roosevelt, Stephen Bonsal and Mr. Davis in the Camp of the Rough Riders, at Tampa, Just Before the Regiment Started for Cuba.

'and, obviously, those are the places you should read about.' I could only get interested, however, in the Chicago story. Gauging the average American by myself, I concluded that he would rather read about something he knows, something near home, and if China is not home, bring it there.

"If I go to the theatre, I do not care to read what the critic thinks about other plays, but of the one I saw. If you tell a Londoner that in a certain part of Africa the natives bow backwards he is not half so much interested as when you tell him that people ride on Rotten Row at 9 a. m., instead of 4 p. m. 'The devil they do,' he says, and repeats the information to all his friends. When Mr. Kipling said that the British public was more interested in the fate of the Tommy who steps forward to pull a comrade back into the square than in the woes and trials of a commissary general, he spoke from certain knowledge. The writer who has the gift of seeing a thing from the human interest standpoint should depict it that way.

Mr. Davis added that this third rule, in his opinion, is the best in newspaper work.

the best in correspondence and travel. It is, however, more or less arbitrary, for it presupposes that every writer can see and depict the human interest that so generally appeals to readers. But that requires an abrupt breaking away from journalistic formula and precedent, and there are not many writers who could cable a long story to the *London Times* about a big battle in Greece telling only how a small boy behaved. Mr. Davis did, and his paper pronounced it the best story it had printed of that war. Not a word was said about flank movements, charges or captures; nothing about the effect of artillery or infantry. But all England was interested just as much as the American correspondent in the country lad who acted as a host to the army that occupied his native hills; who ran to bring up shells as though at a spring circus; who suavely led the generals about like a gentleman showing people over his landed estate.

All three rules, moreover, are governed by that blunt honesty, which is the keynote of the man's character. When Davis arrived in South Africa his sympathies were with the English. He had lived among



On the Porch at Marion.

them for years, had hosts of friends among them, and it was natural that he should be of such mind. But when he found the officials stupid and dull, the system defective and, above all, was persuaded that the cause was an unjust one, he did not allow those feelings to interfere with his principles. He decided to take the Boer side before ever seeing a Boer, and at Durban I heard him refuse a tempting offer from the *London Daily Mail* manager to correspond from Pretoria on the ground that he was a pro-Boer and could not conscientiously do the work. As for the accusation that he outraged hospitality by turning against those who entertained him it is absurd. When a correspondent is kept twelve miles in the rear, when he buys all his rations and equipment, and looks after his own safety, he is under obligations to no one. The military correspondent is as much a part of modern warfare as the military *attaché*. He is like the dramatic critic who, because the management sends him tickets, is not called upon necessarily to laud the play.

"If I tried to count \$1,000," says Mr. Davis, "it would take me three hours. The bank cashier can do it in three minutes. It is his business. Well, to correspond is a business, and it is insulting to the writer to think that a glass of champagne in a club

will keep a man from saying that a town needs new streets, or from disclosing that the Government bonds have not paid interest for two years. If I accept hospitality from a particular mess then I should respect that courtesy, but it does not mean that I am to withhold criticising a general who fires on his own men. The paper sends me to get accurate information, and when a barkeeper or the president of a republic tells me something false, I say it has not the true ring and refuse to accept it. When I wrote about the Panama Canal I made it a point to say that the engines, which every other writer had described as rusted and wallowing in the ditch, were in reality carefully painted and saved at an expense of \$70,000. They were not a terrible spectacle at all. Rather, a pathetic contrast to the general ruin, it occurred to me, like a general burnishing up his buttons after his army had been annihilated, or a bank president brushing his silk hat after the cashier had skipped with all the cash."

In romance Mr. Davis observes much the same rules as in journalism. In fact, he says there is no dividing line between the two. "Kipling," he told me, "wrote just as good stuff when he was editing that *Bombay Gazette* in a reeking hot newspaper office as ever appeared in his books. Every day you can find just as good literature in the *New York Sun* as may be found in any magazine." Whatever the nature of his work, he picks out the essential and leaves the other. That comes pretty near to being the art of writing. But romance gives one, in this instance, a clearer idea of the author's personality.

Richard Harding Davis being a child of fortune, as it were, never was a soldier of fortune. He was never stranded in a foreign country without means of livelihood. But he has talked with the soldier of fortune and he admires and understands his daring. But he cannot entirely understand the depth of his feeling. He has never, we will put it, suffered any great sorrow. His life has been a clean one, lived in a clean atmosphere. His feelings have never been crushed, battered and outraged; his passions never maddened to desperation. The surpassing subtleties of woman which Balzac and Thackeray make so much of are not a particularly inviting world to him.

Stevenson's wonderful short story, "A Lodging for the Night," inspired Davis, the young reporter, and his fellows in the office of the *Philadelphia Press* with an enthusiasm

that took the form of a letter of admiration to the brave sick man far away in the South Seas. Here is Stevenson's reply, which has never before been published:

Dear Sir:

Why, thank you very much for your frank, agreeable and natural letter. It is certainly very pleasant that all you young fellows should enjoy my work, and get some good out of it; and it was very kind in you to write and tell me so. The tale of the suicide is excellently droll; and your letter, you may be sure, will be preserved. If you are to escape, unhurt out of your present business, you must be very careful, and you must find in your heart much constancy. The swiftly done work of the journalist, and the cheap finish and ready-made methods to which it leads, you must try to counteract in private by writing with the most considerate slowness and on the most ambitious models. And when I say "writing"—O, believe me, it is re-writing that I have chiefly in mind. If you will do this, I hope to hear of you some day.

Please excuse this sermon from Your obliged,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

With the squalor and sensuality of Francois Villon with his "Grosse Margot," Davis has no kinship. The woman he really likes is the woman for whom he can have *camaraderie*. For her, in real life as well as in romance, he exerts every effort, every courtesy. It is not a courtesy of studied veneer, but an innate spontaneous and never-tiring acknowledgment of virtue and worth. His is a woman well bred, wholesome and intelligent, one who delights in life, in the open air and in exercise.

We now know in what consists the *technique* of Richard Harding Davis. He has divulged his own secret. With this key, one can disjoint a page of his writing and view the three elements like parts of a machine—all but the personal element. And did the public but know, that, too, would be plain, for Mr. Davis in writing mirrors his own personality, a personality, by the way, that has been so obscured by controversy that we have rather more settled convictions of the celebrity who lived in mediæval times than of this twentieth century journalist who lives among us.

When I say that Richard Harding Davis is a clean writer it means that he is a clean man. It is the first thing you notice about him. Clean in morals and in person.

He would not think of beginning the day without shaving; he would not appear at the dinner table but in evening dress. He might make up as a "tough" or "bunco steerer," but he could never lose the air of "wearing an orchid in his button-hole." Mr. Davis was brought up in an atmosphere of propriety and its customs are to him a second nature.

To the reporter who worked with him when both were getting \$15 a week this is not understood. He looks upon Davis as a snob and vilifies him when he has the chance. Davis did work for \$15 a week, and less,

but from other resources he was able to dine at the same time at Delmonico's and ride in a hansom. He, in turn, forgets that the other man really had to get his dinner at a free-lunch counter and in consequence does and says things that offend. But he is just as sincere as the other man, and will work as earnestly, perhaps more so, to cover a news story.

The tastes of Richard Harding Davis are entirely suited to his calling. Neither the past nor future of things gives him much concern.

The college professor would probably call him unlearned. He never quotes the classic, nor does he sit down at night and read Plato's Dialogues. What he does just now is to collect all the illustrated weeklies and cut out clippings about the looting in China. He reads them, remembers them, and will use his information some time.

Richard Harding Davis is now thirty-seven years old and in the height of his vigor. Beyond occasional attacks of sciatica he enjoys robust health. He takes as much interest in the journalistic world as when he first entered as a "cub" reporter. His mind is like a spring that has never been flattened down, but receives impressions with the rapidity and distinction of a biograph. The peculiar power of concentration which was cultivated in a newspaper office is more intense than ever. It enables him to "get into" a subject, immerse himself completely whether in the smoking-room of a steamship or secluded in the little cottage at Marion,



A Group of Writers Taken This Summer at Marion.

P. F. Dunne, (Mr. Dooley)

Mr. Davis,

John Fox, Jr.

Massachusetts, where for the last eleven summers he has retired to do his work, and where most of his fiction has been written. He has no fixed number of hours for working nor fixed rate of words in a day. He shortens or lengthens the hours, like one does stirrup straps, to suit himself. Sometimes he puts three hours on a single paragraph, the next day writes one thousand words. He seems also to have profited by the advice contained in Stevenson's letter. He is engaged now in writing a novel, the scene of which is laid in Central America, and which he hopes will prove to be his best product.

His exclusiveness of mind will perhaps



The "Three Gringos in Central America." One of Mr. Davis' Earlier Books of Travel. The "Gringo" on the Right is Lloyd Griscom, Our Charge d'Affaires in Constantinople, Who Has Just Brought the Sultan to Terms. The "Gringo" on the Left is Somerset, Late War Correspondent in South Africa for the *London Times*.

affairs in his period. He is a symbol of progress, a marked example of how the press is the influence of pulpit, senate and college. His world is one of dramatic human interest. He is the sublimated reporter.

keep Davis in ignorance of the larger motives of life that go to make up a transcendent novelist, that make a world's teacher. But Davis has no inclination to pose as an "inspired genius." He does not think of standing as a picture of the age like a Rousseau. He has the responsibility that the eye report not falsely what it sees. It is his thought to keep in mind the general consistency and relation of



Tegucigalpa, the Capital of Honduras, Where Mr. Davis Has Placed the Scene of His Next Novel, "Captain Macklin."



# THE PERIL OF THE EMPEROR

By CAROLINE LOVELL

"YOU wish to speak to me especially?"  
"I have something of vital importance to communicate to Your Majesty."

"Very well."

"Your Majesty must be prepared for the worst. A disaster has occurred."

"Proceed."

"Ivanof has eluded the police. He has escaped and is at this moment in Laville."

The face of Her Majesty seemed turned to stone. After a pause, she asked, huskily:  
"How do you know this?"

"We have had six telegrams since ten o'clock. He was finally located in Darmstadt yesterday, and the police expected to have their hands on him by this morning. They captured four of the conspirators, but Ivanof escaped during the night. The Nihilists have had the audacity to avow the plot, saying that Ivanof was already in Laville and the crime committed, as it was to take place during the morning procession."

"Which is now over," and Her Majesty's face relaxed.

"Yes; but to-night?"

"True, true. To-night. And Ivanof in Laville! Oh, God!" She wrung her hands and walked back and forth. Then she turned furiously. "Miserable creatures! How dared they let him escape?"

"Your Majesty," the man said, earnestly, "everything was done that human power could do. You know this man's wonderful cunning. Never before in the un-

earthing of all his plots have we been able to put a finger on him. For the first time in the three years we have been searching he has been located."

"And escapes!"

"Your Majesty," the man said, with deep respect, "we have things to consider now of much more importance than where the fault lies."

"You are right. What do you propose to do?"

"His Majesty must be prevented from taking part in the procession to-night, or we must give up the procession."

"You could invent no excuse that would satisfy him. No, the procession must take place, but he must not be in it."

"But the people will be—" the man stammered.

"Something must take his place in the coach."

"Your Majesty means somebody—"

"That might be murder. I mean *something*."

"A statue!"

"A figure," she said, and stood up quickly, "leave it all to me!"

Then she hurried away to the apartment of her son, Alexis, the Emperor.

\* \* \* \* \*

Night had fallen, and the city was brilliant with illuminations. The state carriage, surrounded by a square of mounted dragoons, waited in front of the Embassy. The thousands, lining the boulevard and filling windows and balconies, were gratified, after hours of



"Alexis, the Emperor."

patient waiting, by seeing the Emperor, clad in a glittering uniform, descend the steps and enter the coach. In a moment it was driven away, and Alexis, wrapped in a long cloak, which had been handed to him by a footman as he stepped out of the door on the opposite side of the carriage, unnoticed and undisturbed, re-entered the Embassy by a door opening on the street. His mother was waiting in his dressing-room, and kissed him fervently as she bade him go to bed at once and have a good night's rest.

After she had gone he blew out the candles and opened the window. It was a glorious night, fresh and bracing. He seated himself on the sill and looked up and down the boulevard. As far as eye could reach in either direction there was a diminishing perspective of brilliancy. Illuminated designs were erected at regular intervals, between which were standards, bearing the fluttering flags of the two countries, while the fronts of the houses were adorned with crimson velvet, gold-fringed draperies, garlands of green bound in ribbon and lighted colored lanterns. The nation was doing fitting honor to its illustrious guest. The street was black with people, and Alexis could still hear the roar, growing fainter and fainter, as the cortege moved further away. He laughed aloud as he lit his cigar, put both feet on the window-sill and leaned his back against the casement, his hands clasped around his knees. Suddenly his face became illuminated with joy. He threw away his cigar, lit a candle and began tearing off his uniform, pitching his decorations on to the dressing-table. When his valet knocked, the Emperor informed him that he did not need his services as he was ready for bed at that moment. Before twenty minutes had passed, the Emperor slipped into the street, a very tall, broad-shouldered civilian, wearing a brown tweed suit and an Alpine hat.

Calculating where he would be most likely to have a fine view of the procession, he made for the Place Royal, his spirits rising with every step, as he strode along the thronged and brilliant streets. The Emperor was quite six feet two, and could very easily see over the heads of an ordinary throng, but he preferred a more comprehensive range, and, looking about him rapidly, saw his opportunity. He was near one of the great statues which encircle the Place. Against this a ladder had been planted, up which men and boys were swarming. Striding through the crowd, he asked the price, paid his handful of sous,

and in a moment was congratulating himself on his prudence.

Up in the pure, fresh air, out of the surging crush, he climbed above the others, and seated himself comfortably in the capacious lap of the stone goddess, and swept the great plain below him with a single glance. Then, lighting a fresh cigar, he proceeded to enjoy himself to the utmost. The statue below him was covered with men and boys, a respectable, middle-aged couple and one stout, unattractive-looking girl, who sat with her feet over the edge of the pedestal, addressed facetious remarks to an appreciative audience below. In every direction men in blouses were mounted on ladders patiently lighting one by one the millions of gas jets. Carriages were pushing up to the edge of the asphalt to secure desirable positions, and a steady hum rose from the moving throng pouring into the Place.

At this moment Alexis heard a deliciously sweet young voice saying anxiously:

"Is there still a place?" he looked down and beheld the owner of it standing near the top of the ladder, lifting up one of the loveliest faces he had ever seen.

"Certainly, certainly," a chorus of voices responded, and one or two of the boys slapped their knees suggestively and held out their arms with encouraging smiles.

A wave of crimson stained the creaminess of her skin, and, feeling every vein tingle with fury, Alexis leaned down and held out his hand.

"There is plenty of room up here," he said, politely.

With a glance of deep gratitude, she took his outstretched hand and mounted to his side. He had seen myriads of beautiful women, but never before in all his experience a face that interested him more. Her profile, with its small, aquiline, high-bred nose, full, clearly-cut lips and strong chin, indicated determination and force of character as well as beauty. Her eyes were long rather than large, and of an indescribable depth and fire, topaz in color and darkened by the black of the lashes and brows; while her hair was bronze in effect and of a crimply waviness. She was dressed entirely in black, a full cape reaching below the waist, and her face was shaded by a wide hat covered with plumes.

The girl below was singing an audacious song, balancing herself on the edge of the pedestal and holding her parasol as a violin. The men surrounding her urged her on, and the floating audience below applauded.

Alexis felt his face burn, and glanced apprehensively toward his companion, but she was deeply absorbed, leaning forward with parted lips and heightened color. A body of horsemen was clashing across the bridge, their breast-plates glittering in the light, and the long horse tails floating from their helmets, to prepare the way for the coming of the Emperor. Somehow, somewhere the

"I want to see the Emperor so much," she pleaded; "I have never seen him. That is all I came for. Will you not help me down?"

His strength turned to weakness.

"Wait," he said, and scrambled down to the base of the statue. In a moment he was back, joy shining in his eyes. "They have taken away the ladder, and it is fully four-



"That might be murder."

people were crushed back and a broad open space left diagonally across the Place, lined on either side with horsemen facing the center, and so close together that their knees almost touched.

"Is that for the passage of the Emperor?" the girl asked, turning toward him for the first time.

"Yes," he answered.

"But I thought the procession was to pass right under this monument."

"It seems not."

"Then I must get down," she said, rising.

"Impossible!" he protested, "you cannot go into that crowd."

"Oh, I don't mind in the least, and I must see the Emperor."

"You would not be able to see if you got down! You could not see over the heads of that crowd."

"No, but I could make my way to the front."

"You would be crushed to death."

Suddenly she smiled divinely at him. Her teeth were pearly white and heaven seemed in her eyes.

teen feet to the ground." Then, seeing the look on her face, he added, earnestly, "I promise you that you shall see him. You know there will be another chance to-night on the way back and we will get good places on the avenue."

She was silent for a while. Then she turned to him.

"You promise me?" she said, unconsciously putting one gloved hand on his knee and looking deep into his eyes.

An electric thrill seemed to pass through his whole being.

"Yes, I promise," he answered, and sat, tingling all over, as she withdrew her hand and leaned forward with contracted brows.

About this time there arose a murmur as of the wind, from far off, from no one knew where, which swept like a breeze over the throng, then died away and rose again. Across the river, silhouetted against the light, came a dashing cavalcade along the opposite bank. In an instant it struck the bridge and came swinging over at a spanking pace. First a company of dragoons, leaping on their horses, with uniforms glittering

and swords clanking. Then the royal coach, all crimson and gold, surrounded by a compact square of cavalry, their swords gleaming in the light. The murmur rose into a deep, steady roar, which accompanied the speeding carriage as a wave, flowing across the Place, amidst a frantic waving of multitudinous hats and handkerchiefs. More state coaches followed, another squadron, and the procession was out of sight; the horsemen lining the roadway, closing up four abreast and galloping behind.

The girl sat silent for some time, then drew a long, deep breath.

"I suppose we can get down now," she said.

The soubrette below was performing a species of skirt dance, enthusiastically cheered by the crowd beneath, and Alexis felt that it was time to leave. His demand for a ladder was greeted by a volley of derisive replies, and the multitude below, seeing the dilemma, began to flow in his direction.

Descending to the pedestal of the monument, he made a hasty exploration; then, returning, assisted his companion down and

around to the back of the statue. Below there was a stone balustrade, and, letting himself over carefully, he dropped to this; then, standing on it, held up his arms.

"Sit on the edge," he directed, "and let yourself over slowly."

She did as she was told, resting her hands on the ledge. Holding her in his arms, he sprang to the pavement, just as the crowd came pouring around to enjoy the spectacle, and in an instant they were lost in the throng. Slipping her hand through his arm, he drew her away, as the stout girl came over amidst cheers, suspended from above by two men, who grasped her hands, while a third clasped her around the knees below.

"Would you like to walk up the avenue

to the Arch?" Alexis asked. "It will be fully an hour and a half before the procession comes back."

She assented, adding:

"Remember, you have promised to get a good place for me."

"I promise you that you shall see the Emperor to-night," he said, earnestly.

The long, upward sloping stretch of the avenue was as white as day; the lights on either hand sparkling like unbroken strings of diamonds in ever-diminishing perspective until they met in the distance and were crowned by the glorious Triumphal Arch, sketched in lights against the blackness of the night. The avenues of chestnut trees on either side, under which they walked, were ablaze with flame-colored Chinese lanterns. These were round and fluted, and looked like great luminous pumpkins among the leaves, shedding a rich bronze glow over the foliage. Half way up the avenue, the Circle was like an orchard ablaze in bloom, the trees surrounding it covered with masses of artificial flowers, roses, chrysanthemums, carnations and snowballs.

A veritable Japanese cherry-blossom festival, aglow with lights. Beneath the trees were fountains, each surrounded by a sparkling circle of jets at the water's edge.

Thousands of people were moving up and down in amiable enjoyment, the men wearing little lighted lanterns in their hatbands, on which were transparencies of the Emperor, the fronts of their coats covered with badges and national medals. Families were seated on the grass or on benches, having their dinners out of great baskets. Lines of students with their arms over one another's shoulders, sang together as they pushed through the crowd, and on every hand there was animation, pleasure and excitement.



"... never in all his experience had he seen a face that interested him more."



in a word had he wished to try, but he was content to lie there, luxuriating in the beauty of his surroundings, crowned by her own surpassing loveliness. As she talked on, however, he became gradually aware of the fact that she was a finished woman of the world, and with the realization that she was not the young and helpless girl he had taken her for, a sort of uneasiness took possession of him, and he said suddenly and irrelevantly:

"Will you be long in Laville?"

Alexis and his companion walked slowly up to the Arch, then back again to the place of the cherry blossoms.

"Are you tired?" he asked.

"A little," she acknowledged, reluctantly, whereupon he looked around and chose a secluded spot in deep shadow under the trees. She seated herself on the grass at the edge of a fountain, and Alexis stretched himself out by her side. The excitement of the moment made her eyes burn and sparkle, and there was a deep spot of color on either cheek. Leaning back against a tree trunk, she began at once to talk to him, her conversation flowing on lightly but charmingly. There was possibly a nervous hurry to prevent his getting



"Is that for the passage of the Emperor?" the girl asked."

The animation died out of her face and her eyes fell. After a moment she replied:

"I think not."

"It is not your home, then?"

"No."

"Does it not seem strange to you that we do not know each other's name?"

"Would you like to know who I am?" she asked, and an amused smile flickered over her lips.

"You know I should."

"I will tell you then perhaps before we part. And you?"

"I will tell you, too."

Silence fell on them after this. Her desire for conversation seemed to have passed away. She sat with her hands clasped about her knees, looking up at the stars. A slowly widening distance seemed to come between them as he realized that in all probability he would never see her again after to-night.

Suddenly she looked down and said, anxiously:

"Isn't it time for the procession to be coming?"

"Oh, no," he answered, quickly, "we have plenty of time yet."

"I am sure it is time to go," she said, firmly, rising lightly to her feet.

"We have a half hour yet," he pleaded, taking out his watch.

"Yes, and we must get a place. A half hour is hardly time enough. You promised me I should see the Emperor, you know," and her voice changed beguilingly as she looked down at him with a winning smile.

He rose to his feet and offered her his arm, and once more they plunged into the throng, and, pushing their way through, walked along behind the great barrier of humanity lining the pavement, until they found a place a little thinned. Here they stopped, and, by degrees, as people dropped back, made their way to the pavement's edge, and stood directly behind the row of dragoons, who were mounting guard, their horses' heads turned toward the multitude. The girl stroked the nose of the horse—whose head almost touched her shoulder, and whispered softly in his ear, and laid her cheek against his caressingly, and then talked a little to the glorious dragoon above her, whose trappings were sparkling in the gaslight, and finally asked him coaxingly if he would not push a little further away from the dragoon next to him, when the time came, so that she might be able to see between them into the coach. The man smiled

a little, but said not a word, although Alexis could divine the impression produced on him by her beauty. He drew back a little coldly, and just at this instant there was a tremendous, though subdued, sound, as of an explosion, which shook the earth under them.

"Boom! they've killed him," exclaimed a student, and the crowd laughed.

The girl turned as white as death and put her hand on Alexis's arm.

"What is it?" she whispered.

He slipped his hand over hers and held it fast.

"The fireworks are commencing," he said, smiling down at her.

After this she stayed very near him, leaving her hand in his, and becoming silent. The throng pushed and surged around them, keeping up a ceaseless flow of chatter and laughter, and as they were pressed nearer together, they seemed as isolated as though in the midst of a vast desert. Suddenly there was a clashing sound as the dragoons straightened up, turned their horses' heads and drew their swords. A thrill of expectation ran through the crowd, and Alexis felt vindictively toward the procession as the girl slipped her hand from his, and, turning her back to him, stood almost between the horses. He heard a whispered "Remember" rise to the dragoon, and saw an answering smile on the man's face as he looked up quickly. He stepped haughtily back, and in an instant the space between them was occupied by a fat woman with a mustache who had vigorously elbowed her way to the front.

And now there arose from very far off the deep-toned voice of the multitude, faint at first but swelling like an approaching storm. Louder and nearer it rolled, as brilliant, glittering and clattering, the procession once more dashed into sight. Down the great avenue it came swinging. Abreast of them passed the outriders, and then, with a running escort of cavalry along each side the imperial coach, footmen and coachmen in green and gold, with powdered wigs and scarlet satin breeches. Inside, at the open window, could be seen the young Emperor, wearing a uniform covered with decorations and an astrachan fez, one gloved hand raised to the side of his face in the perpetual, changeless royal salute. Alexis saw nothing but the back of the little bronze head in front of him, crowned with black plumes. With an unnoticeable movement, one dragoon pressed more closely against the other, and a clear space a foot wide opened before the girl. Directly beyond her was the face of



the Emperor, white against the dark background.

With a movement that seemed almost like flying, she darted between the horses, raised one hand, and threw something into the window of the vehicle. A thunderous roar split the air, and the earth heaved, as the carriage was rent into fragments.

Yells and curses and women's screams rose in a babel of sound, and Alexis felt, rather than saw, the multitude turned into wild beasts, ready to rend limb from limb the daring Anarchist. He fought his way in, striking women and children, and bodily moving the madly plunging horses with his shoulders. Then caught the girl in his arms, under the frantic steeds.

"For God's sake, men," he cried, "let me out. My wife has fainted."

Some sort of way was made for him and he struggled out, slipping under the shadow of the trees and making his way finally into the depths of the palace gardens. He stopped at last where it was darkest and the shrubbery densest, panting, with the moisture pouring from his face. He put the girl down on a stone bench and stood beside her. He had been vaguely conscious of her desperate struggles to escape, but she had been as a fluttering bird in his strong arms.

"Tell me who you are," he said, hoarsely, his heavy hand on her shoulder.

She sprang to her feet and shook herself free from his touch, and facing him, with the fire of enthusiasm burning in her eyes, answered triumphantly:

"I am Ivanof!"

He shrank as if struck by a physical blow, and looked about him in terror.

"Hush, for God's sake!" he cried.

She laughed contemptuously.

"I am not ashamed of it," she answered.

"Do you know what you have done?" he whispered.

"Yes, God be praised! I have rid the earth of the tyrant. What long, long years we have waited for this. Oh, God, I thank Thee that we have been avenged at last!"

"You call him a tyrant. He has been on

the throne two years. Can you tell me of a single tyrannical act on his part?"

"He is accused by the voices of the martyred millions in exile, rising to God's judgment seat."

"And God is judge," Alexis said, sternly.



"An unbounded pity for her touched his heart and he seated himself beside her and took her hand gently."

"Listen to me, for I have only a little time to speak. That young Emperor, whom you speak of as an unbearable tyrant, was trying to the best of his abilities to institute great reforms in his kingdom. He had not the unlimited power you imagine. He was hedged in on every side by almost insurmountable barriers. Time was his only ally. In years to come he might have swept before him every obstacle, and his country might have flung off the shackles of a despotism, not of one ruler, but of many. And how have you helped your country? You have rolled it backward a generation and riveted, for years to come, the fetters which were about to be stricken off. You have brought your friends, perhaps the innocent among them, to the scaffold, and, above all, you have committed murder yourself."

"In the sight of man," she answered, unsteadily.

"And do you think that God will approve of your killing a perfectly innocent man and wrecking the life of his mother?"

"His mother!" She shrank, as though scorched.

"Yes, his mother," he answered, bitterly. "I suppose it has never occurred to you that he or she could have natural affections. He is the light of her life. It will kill her."

Suddenly the girl's forced and unnatural composure left her. She threw herself on the stone bench, weeping wildly. An unbounded pity for her touched his heart, and he seated himself beside her and took her hand gently.

"Do not touch me," she cried; "I am a murderess. Let me go to the death I deserve," and she sprang to her feet.

He caught both hands and held them tightly, then stood and looked down on her.

"What would you give not to be a murderess?" he asked.

"My life—anything," she answered, wildly.

"Well," he said, very slowly, "you have not killed the Emperor."

"Not killed him! How do you know? Oh, God! Did you see him? He escaped?"

"He would not have escaped had he been in the coach."

"What do you mean?"

"That the man you saw there was a lay-figure."

"What do you mean?"

"Just that. He was a lay-figure, nothing more." He lifted her hands up and pressed them against his heart. Then he bent his head, his lips almost touching hers that were raised to him.

"I am the Emperor," he whispered.

She tore herself away and laughed in a crazy fashion.

"Very likely," she cried.

"I swear before God it is true," he repeated quietly.

"I do not understand," she said, in a dazed way, after a long silence.

In as few words as possible he told her the circumstances, and when he had finished she fell on her knees and buried her face in her hands.

"And I might have killed *you*!" she whispered.

Suddenly a sound broke on the air. It was the deep tone of a church bell. He started, then lifting her to her feet, said, hurriedly:

"You must leave Laville at once. The safest plan is to go directly back. Once in our own country I can protect you. I will arrange everything and send some one to take you. I myself must get back as quickly as possible to the Embassy."

She was like a child in his hands. Outside of the gardens they took a cab and drove to a quiet hotel. As he left her, he whispered, with confident elation:

"It will not be long before we meet again," and pressed her hand to his lips.

An hour later an official arrived at the hotel to conduct her to the train. He was informed that madame had already left the place. A letter was given to him, which Alexis tore open in his dressing-room. It read:

"My Friend: It is better that we should never meet again. It will be useless to search for me. When this reaches you I will be before a Higher Tribunal for judgment. Forget me."

He threw himself into a chair and buried his face in his hands.

The great city was in an uproar of excitement for days. The whole world was astonished at the miraculous escape of the Emperor, when even fragments of his clothing had been torn off and hurled to a distance. Fortunately neither coachman nor footman was seriously wounded, but the miracle of miracles was the fact that the Nihilist—who was suspected of being the notorious Ivanof—was never found. The wonderful clemency of the young Emperor was shown in the dismissal, without punishment, of the band of Anarchists, supposed to be accessory to the plot.



# YALE

## THE MOST DEMOCRATIC OF OUR COLLEGES

BY  
FREDERICK TILNEY

College Street, From "The Green."

WHEN for the first time, upon some day in early autumn, the freshman hears the brakeman cry "N'aven," and alights from the train, he sets his foot on the threshold of a new world—a world which the casual observer, however keen, cannot rightly understand unless he has lived to know the full, secret meaning of the song that ends "For God, for Country and for Yale."

Here, then, our uninitiated freshman stands before the city gates of Gades, from which, in the due process of time, he may bring his laurels and a liberal education, all of which depending in the broadest sense upon himself. No doubt, the romance he may have builded about the university and its town will receive a rude shock as he views the squatty, oil-stained brick station which has done service as the portals through which some generations of collegians have come and gone. Nor will his ideals approximate realization as he passes along the streets with their well-worn brick pavements and their two-story frame shops, smacking of provincial enterprise. Wait, however, till his course brings him into Chapel Street, till he gets his first glimpse of the beautiful, elm-shaded green, with its three churches in a row, back of which loom up the fine old college buildings, and then his heart will thrill with a new sense of pride and satisfaction, quite obscuring his anxieties and fears. He passes through one of the gateways; he sees the long halls that stretch

away under the elms to bound the quadrangle of the campus; he sees the "Old Brick Row," the very nucleus of Yale's historic democracy, and at last is installed here to spend his time, his money and his effort (the last always presumptively) through a course of four years. He may or may not become a slave to toil. He may or may not turn devotee to pleasure; but quite surely, in the general case, he will take his good share of the latter, and never indulge in the former to the danger of his health.

Yale College—and by this is meant that part of the university exclusive of the scientific and professional schools—is the seat of a peculiar and old democracy. Each year several hundred freshmen will be found in the somber precincts of Alumni Hall struggling with their entrance examinations. They have come from every section of the country, often from other countries. They represent the characters of differing people and several conditions of society. Beside the impecunious "grind" sits the scion of a millionaire. Over in the corner, beneath the picture of a reverend forefather, an awkward fellow who has brought in from some rural district a salubrious shock of hair, is shuffling his feet in evident discomfort, while, in the same tier, the well-groomed son of some old family strives to marshal the powers of a fickle knowledge. If it is absurd to claim that all men are born equal, it is as ridiculous to say that all enter here upon an equal footing. The birth-

right of the young aristocrat has destined him to greater advantages than his rural classmate. The education which the impecunious "grind" has eked out after much stinting and self-denial in the home has been lavished upon the rich man's son. But let not one despise nor the other stand in awe of his fellow. Misuse of such advantages is as derogatory in the one case as the over-rating of them is disastrous in the other, because in this busy microcosm pluck, brains and a sturdy, good-fellowship are the only sure elements that lead to success. Wherever these are found, no other question

meet his expenses debar him from any honor within his reach. The requirements, however, are most exacting. Many candidates try for the various athletic teams, but only a limited number are taken. The men chosen to college honors must not only be the best men, but they must be at their best. The field, nevertheless, is open to all comers. A man is stimulated by the prospects of coveted reward; he is estimated for what he is and does, and whether successful or not, is certainly the better for his efforts.

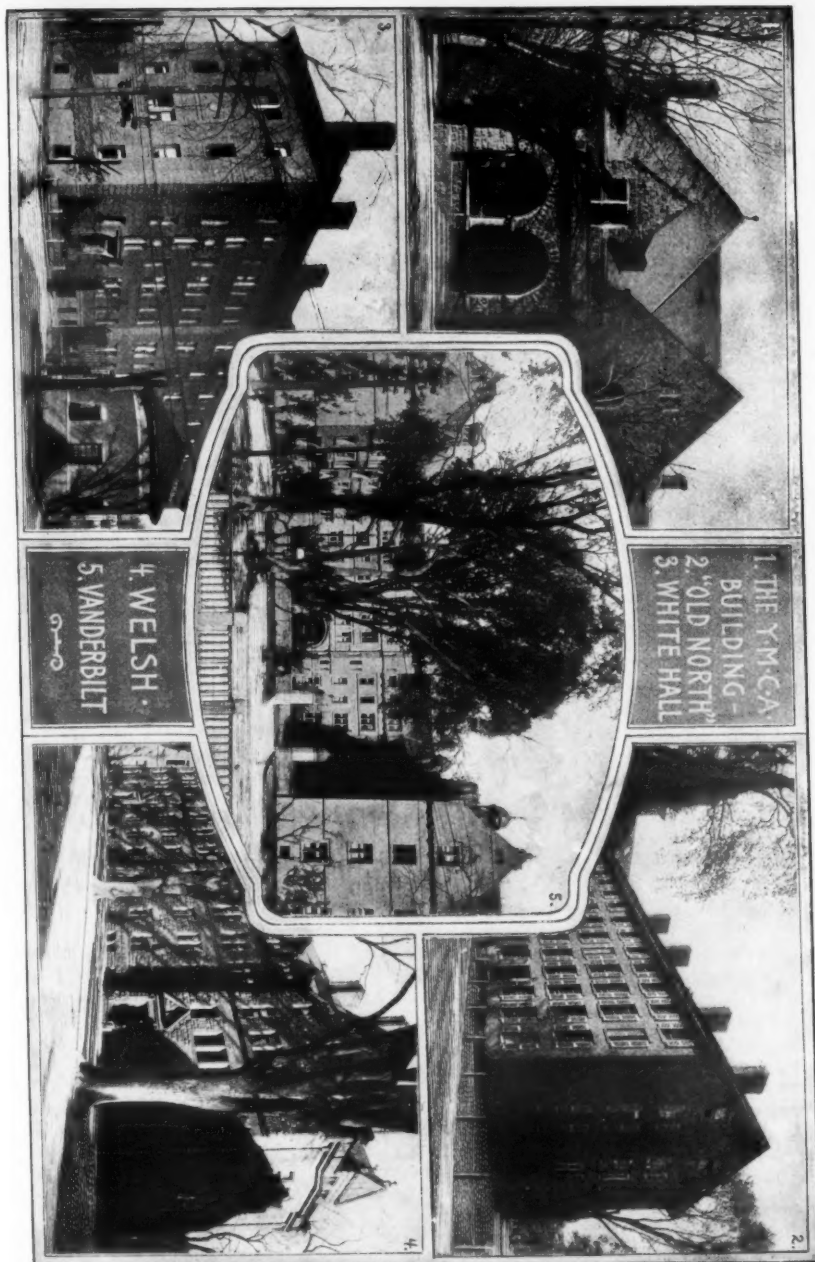
A great majority of Yale students never attain distinction as scholars, literary men,



Alumni Hall, Where Examinations Are Held.

is asked, but recognition quickly and gladly accorded. In one of our great universities, family name insures immediate distinction. Wealth may be no cynosure, but poverty allied with obscure origin amounts to oblivion, regardless of other qualifications. At Yale a man can rise above his poverty to positions of honor, while his humble origin may even prove an additional recommendation. Such a condition of affairs makes it possible for the man who earns his way by running an "eating joint" to become captain of the crew or football team, thus receiving all the honors which such positions confer. Nor will the fact that he tutors to

athletes or leaders in the several other departments of college activity. A lesser number have no apparent desire for such attainment. Nevertheless, excellence is the dominating spirit of the place, and the Yale man who casts ambition to the winds, who devotes himself to no effort, condescends to the level of the "general, all-round dub," and is known in college parlance as "footless." But, whether the young matriculant comes up from his preparatory school with a good stock of ambition, or whether he is possessed of the sorry character that lacks it, he subjects himself to many influences which cannot fail to leave their stamp upon



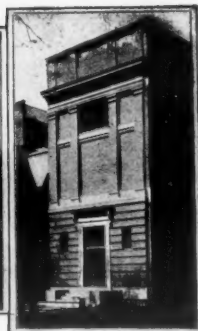


Delta Kappa Epsilon.



Alpha Delta Phi.

Buildings of the Junior Societies.



Psi Upsilon.

him. Not the least of these is the influence of the Yale Campus. Life at Yale is thoroughly centralized; indeed, no other college cultivates this feature more assiduously. Many of them slight it altogether. In certain of these instances the authorities sanction the so-called "fraternity houses" and encourage the students to live in society buildings more or less remote from their campus. The result is that the campus becomes a mere schoolyard, while distinct "sets" or "cliques" are established, among which a perpetual, petty warfare is in process. In the Yale campus every man finds his front lawn and his public park, his school-grounds and his capitol. The policy which designed the order of the Old Brick Row, which set the recitation hall next door to the dormitory has been followed out to the letter. To-day the humble brick buildings are surrounded by splendid halls, some of which are used for recitation purposes and some for

dormitories. On one corner stands the chapel; on another the art school and libraries, while side by side are the grim structure of Alumni Hall and the imposing headquarters of the Yale Y. M. C. A. The lack of unification from which one great university has suffered of late years can be directly ascribed to fault in its campus policy. Many signs announcing "rooms to let" will be found on its dormitory halls, showing that the students live elsewhere than on the campus. Dormitory accommodations have been allowed to fall behind the times, while elegant apartment houses have sprung up as the result of private enterprise, drawing the

students into all quarters of the university town. At Yale, if the student seeks lodgings elegantly appointed and with all modern improvements, he can find them in Vanderbilt, White, Welsh or Berkeley. There are more modest quarters, also, to be had at reasonable rates. So that, instead of finding

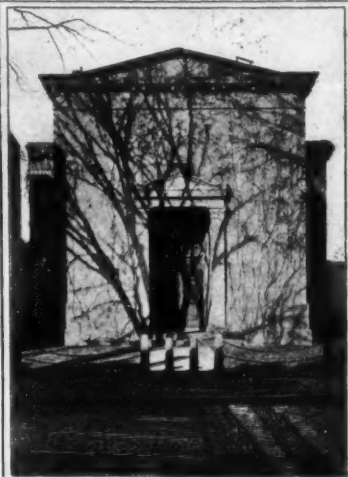
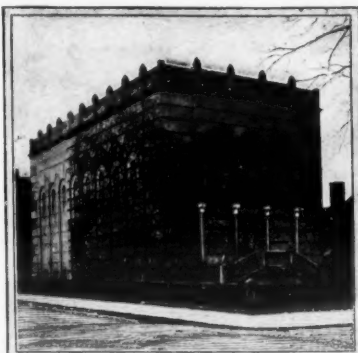


Old Library Seen Through Phelps Arch.



rooms to let, the difficulty is that their number is limited and every student anxious to "get on" the campus.

Indeed, it is beneath the ancient elms shading the college grounds that the Yale man finds his "integer vitae" not composed of the classic good and evil, but made to mean the brightest, happiest, most careless, most cheerful, pleasantest season of his life. How close and fond has been his intimacy with the campus, even on those occasions when the college chimes were engaged with the small hours of the morning and he sought his rooms with a merry crowd singing, "Home, sweet home until morning!" How fondly he will remember those hasty flights to morning prayers in a pair of trousers and a mackintosh, or his successes and failures to convince the monitor that he really was in chapel all through service—up in the gallery! It is so ordered that everything begins on the campus each morning at the uncivilized hour of ten minutes past eight, at which time all the students of the college must attend chapel. After that, the campus becomes the scene of activity because of its own attractions. It is here, on those rare nights when the moon hangs above the



Buildings of the Senior Societies.

Scroll and Keys.  
Skull and Bones.  
Wolf's Head.

Gothic towers of Old Library that the classes gather at their fences and sing their glees. Here they celebrate their victories and hold the public functions of their secret societies; here they pass daily to morning services and recitations, meet their friends and their critics, mix with all kinds of men in good-fellowship, form the closest friendships of a lifetime, and, united as one body, grow to love the institutions and ideals of the Alma Mater. Truly, thrice impervious he who, passing amid these surroundings for four years, brings nothing of their good away with him!

It may seem, because of this intense centralization, that Yale is particularly open to the charge of introversion, on the grounds that the students become entirely absorbed in the affairs of their circumscribed world. It must be remembered, however, that the college is situated in the heart of a busy town, the home of a select New England society. During their sojourn in New Haven the collegians are more or less closely associated with the town life. The best houses are open to them. They figure prominently at social gatherings, and not infrequently form tender attachments which, sadly enough, seldom reach matur-

ity, but are left to be perpetuated by following classes. Social functions of the university, such as the Junior Promenade, also afford numerous opportunities for contact with society at large. But the collegians' association with town life approaches the superlative degree when spoken of in connection with Heib's, Traeger's, Mory's, and Jaques'. This is the other side of the picture; the side which now and again provokes small tempests of invective against the university. Mory's, among all other places, is famed for its Welsh rarebit and golden buck; but these delicacies are not served in the "velvet cup" nor the tobies

which pass around. No, fond parents, those vessels are charged with *bona fide* intoxicants destined for the inner persons of the objects of your patient care! The jolly fellows drink and seem to enjoy it. They sing and their songs grow suspiciously louder. Traeger's "Wein Stube" is no less engaged in the evolution of this sort of joy.

Heib's, also, and several other cafés almost within stone's throw of the campus, are doing a thriving business, mention of which must be included in a true picture of the college life.

The "saloon problem" is one with which every college in the country has had to deal, and for which numerous enthusiastic outsiders have suggested remedies, having themselves but little knowledge of the conditions. Yet, in whatever attractive form the evil here exists, the fact still remains that a man need not drink in college unless he is so inclined, and if he is so inclined, there is every reason why he should not carry it to excess. This, it may seem, places

too great responsibilities upon his discretion. But if he has not the stamina to resist the inroads of indulgence nor sense enough to see its folly here, what chance will he have in the world where the evil exists on all sides as a vicious habit and not a social pastime, as in college. In college the one incentive to the practice is sociability. To this end alone is it countenanced at all. And here again, in the same manner that so much else at Yale depends upon the man himself, the safeguard against this evil is found in the individual. If he consults his ambitions and studies his future he will see that his career is governed by certain laws

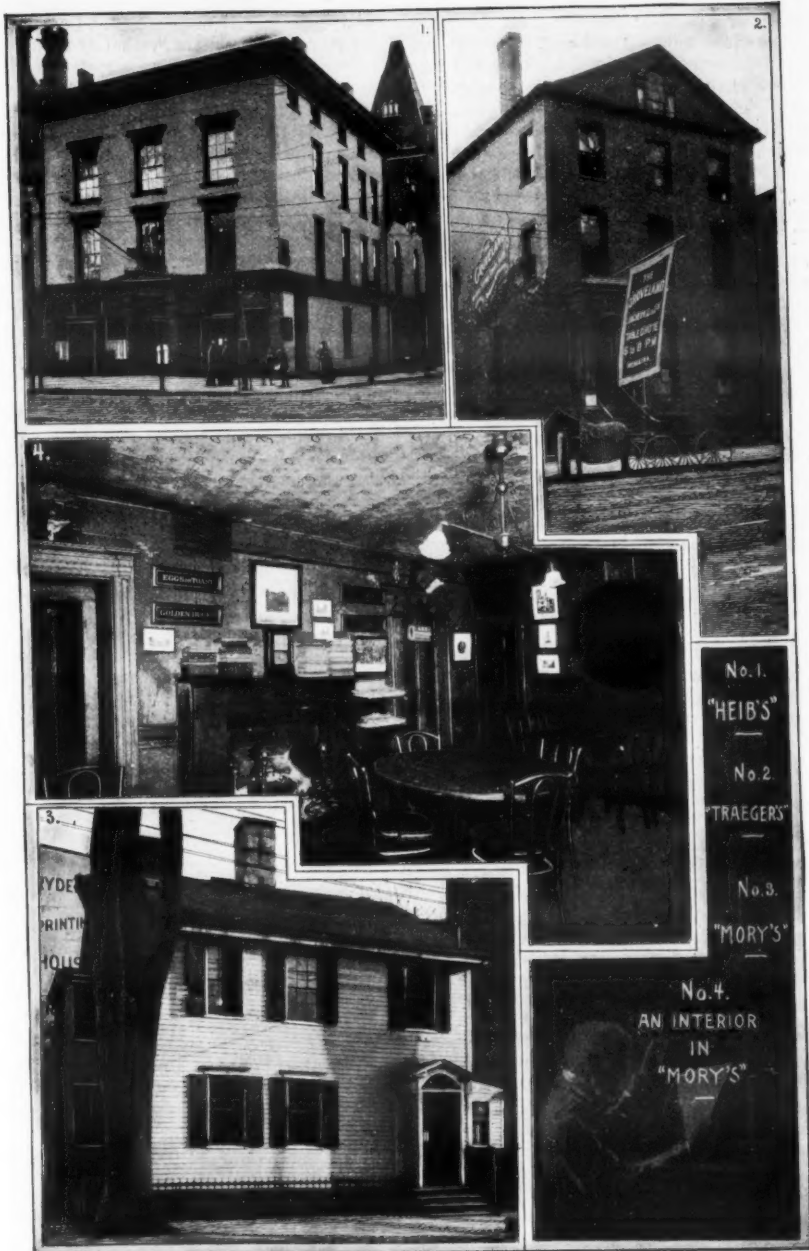
that are imposed upon him by the student body itself. Many a fellow has thrown away splendid chances by disregarding the unwritten statutes, and has realized, when his case is without remedy, that his failure is attributable to the overdevelopment of his "sporting" propensities.

From the earliest times the student body

of Yale has been, in large measure, self-governing. Public opinion is the ruling power, while its tenets are legislated by the Secret Societies. It is by these societies that every man is weighed, and through them that the highest rewards in the gift of the students are bestowed. The moment a freshman begins his course he finds himself entered upon a race for society distinction. When he considers the large number of his classmates, also eager to the same end, and learns how few are chosen, he recognizes that he must accomplish something above the average, or else content himself with a modicum of success. In view of the fact that elections to these societies are



View of the Campus Through Vanderbilt Arch.



given by the classes immediately above, it is well for him to enjoy the good graces of upper-class men. Truckling, however, will avail him nothing, for if his competition is to be successful, it must be conducted on a straightforward, manly basis. In speaking of the societies reference is made to those which are most sought after and at the same time have been most influential in giving character to the college. Of these, there are three senior and three junior societies. The desirability of membership in them will be seen from the fact that a little less than a third of each class receives election to the latter, while but forty-five seniors are chosen to the former. Much significance attaches to their recognition, since their chief function is to estimate worth and reward merit. Besides this, it is the great virtue of these societies, and especially those of senior year, that they have always held the college ideals up to high standards. Their first requirement is unequivocal manhood, and to this must be added excellence in some line of college activity. They act both as an inspiration and a restraint, while their dignity combined with the wise use of their powers has made them, from the days of the Brick Row until now, a strong controlling factor in the governance of the student body.

Under-graduate government, of course, has its limitations, so that it remains for the faculty to complement the system by extending the regulations of a legislative and

executive power into every phase of the life. The Yale faculty does not stand aloof from its students, the mere symbol of intellectual embodiment, but by the actual contact of direct rule enforces the purposes of a broad, well-designed plan. Recognizing two salient facts, it receives its students in tutelage. When the school-boy of yesterday becomes the college-man of to-day, he undergoes a change that is little else than one of name. He departs the immediate influences of the home, and being cast largely upon his own resources may, unless otherwise restrained, institute a state of piracy against his early training. For these reasons the faculty assumes some of the duties of a committee on moral supervision. By imposing restrictions and compelling certain observances, it holds, or tends to hold, the liberated spirit in check. On the other hand, if the authorities do not look to find mature judgment, neither do they exact too much from their charges. They have a clear understanding of youth from eighteen to twenty-five, and therefore make their regulations commensurate with the follies of that age, preferring to aid each man outgrow his youth rather than restrict too closely the tendencies of inexperience. At no time during the course is this supervision relaxed. Even august seniors, who, returning from some late "smoker," disturb the night with obtrusive hilarity, are held to strict account. If they chance to be detected by some wakeful proctor, they will



Seniors on Their Fence in Front of Durfee Hall.

be summoned to appear next day before the dean, there to make their ingenious explanations and receive some fatherly admonition from the good man. The wisdom of the faculty is further seen in its just and liberal attitude toward the elective system. Holding, as they do, that the entering student is not mature enough to know his needs, they prescribe the courses of the first two years. After this time a broad curriculum is open to the choice of every under-graduate. They also describe how their courses shall be taken, how many recitations or lectures attended, and how high a standing maintained.

Yale has been characterized as the great school of men of affairs, and certainly from the large number of her sons who have come to occupy positions of high influence in politics as well as in the world of finance and society, it would seem she is justly entitled to the distinction. It is the secret of her potency that she is American of the Americans. Her ideals have ever been those of the truest democracy. She seeks the man, and cares not what manner of clothes he wears, but having found him aims to develop the quality of his manhood for the responsibilities of the most useful and intelligent citizenship.

## BLACK BEARD AND THE EMPEROR



By JOE LINCOLN.



"WELL, well!" I exclaimed, "this is a waif from boyhood days. Where on earth did you get it? It looks as natural as life."

And so it did. The leaves were just as dog's-eared and thumb-marked; the curious old pictures of Captain Kidd and his fellow craftsmen were just as rough and wooden; the title looked just as murderous and inviting. To judge by appearances, it might have been the identical copy over whose gory pages I had gloated while hidden in the haymow, far from Aunt Jane's intolerant eye. I was surprised, and with good reason. One doesn't expect to find "The Pirate's Own Book" on the shelf of a U. S. Life Saving Station.

"Ho, ho!" laughed Captain Hedge; "better not read that. That's a dangerous book ter read; ain't it, Calvin? It's Calvin's book, and he'll tell yer it's a dangerous one."

Calvin Ellis, who had just come in from beach duty and was drying his boots at the stove, chuckled quietly.

"Yus," he said, "I've seen a good deal er harm come of readin' that book. I keep it

as a sooveneer of my meetin' with Blackbeard."

"Blackbeard the pirate?" I exclaimed.

"The same."

"Get out!" I cried, scenting a joke, "Blackbeard was killed over a hundred and fifty years ago."

"Can't help it; I had my turn-up with him, 'bout ten years ago, and he was as lively a corpse as ever I want ter strike, and so was Napoleon Bonyparte, fer that matter," and Calvin chuckled again.

"Now, see here, Ellis," said I, "you may as well tell the story first as last. You know I'll give you no rest until you do."

"That's right, Cal," said Captain Hedge, "he's sharper after a yarn than old man Yokum was after a drink, and they say he used ter go inter Doc Bailey's 'pothecary and drink the alcohol out er the cigar lighter."

"Well, here goes, then," said Calvin. "Tain't much after ye've heard it. It happened, as I said, 'bout ten years ago, when I was helpin' Uncle Strabo Doane tend the light on Pawgonkit Island. Pawgonkit's the middle one er them three islands on the bay

side of the Cape, at the entrance ter Wellmouth harbor. The one nearest the mainland is Coot Island, then comes Pawgonkit, and further out is Tautog Island. There's a light on Pawgonkit 'cause the ship channel runs 'twixt it and Tautog.

"Uncle Strabo was my stepmother's brother. His folks come from up Hyannis way some'eres. He used ter be as smart a sea cap'n as ever trod a plank, but he got

would come over, but mainly the only craft that come nigh us was the supply steamer. Every week one of us would take the co'-boat and go over ter Wellmouth fer the mail, and ter buy books and papers, 'cause Uncle Strabo was a great reader.

"The second summer I was there, Dr. Boongate hired Tautog Island and turned it inter an insane asylum. You've heard of Boongate. His ads used ter fill all the



sunstruck one time over 'n the Java Sea, and it sorter unsettled his brain. He was reel looney fer a spell, but he got over it all right, and come back home and settled down ter farmin'. But he wa'n't much good as a farmer, so when old Ziby Peters, who kept the Pawgonkit light, wrote and asked him ter take the job of assistant light-keeper, he was glad enough ter take it. He helped Peters fer twelve years, and when the old man died the Gov'ment folks give Strabo the place. That was when he sent fer me.

"I'd been fishin' up ter the Banks that summer, owned a share in the schooner, and thought I was doin' well. But one er them confounded liners chawed up the schooner and the share, and purty nigh chawed me up along with 'em, so I come home poorer 'n poverty. Uncle Strabo heard of my hard luck and wrote fer me ter come down and help him; said I'd get board and clothes and a little more out of it, so down I went.

"I lived fer two years on that island, and it was a queer two years. The place is jest a bare sand heap, and the square red brick light, and the light-keeper's house and the wooden outbuildin's are the only things on it. 'Twas lonesome as all git out, and as monotonous as a graveyard—that is, all but the last two days. I had nobody ter talk to but Uncle Strabo, and nawthin' ter do but tend the light and keep things lookin' neat. All the sport we had was shootin' at a mark with an old Springfield rifle. Strabo was a dandy shot with it. I've seen him kill a wild goose on the wing. Once in a while, in the summer, a boatload of city boarders

papers. 'Boongate's Balm,' and 'Boongate's Bitters,' and 'Boongate's Bluebell Balsam.' That year he was advertisin' 'Boongate's Fresh Air Cure fer the Insane.' His claim was that the way ter cure loonies was ter take 'em where it was peaceful and quiet, and give 'em lots of good, fresh air. So he hired the old hotel on Tautog, fenced off everything with thick, heavy wire fences, put up a sign that yer could read two mile out ter sea, 'Boongate's Sanitarium,' and turned his crazy folks loose ter graze. Every day, and sometimes twice a day, weather permittin', we'd see the steam launch goin' up ter Wellmouth and comin' back with some poor cracked critter, goin' ter git his fill of fresh air and quiet. Well, there was plenty of both on Tautog Island, but, by ginger! that's all there was.

"I hadn't been with Uncle Strabo more'n two months 'fore I see that the effects of his sunstroke hadn't all left him.

"He'd take queer notions inter his head and do lots of silly things. As I said, he was always readin', and when he read anything that partic'lar interested him he'd git all full of it, as yer might say, and talk about nawthin' else fer weeks ter come. One time the papers had a lot ter tell 'bout some prophet up in Canada, who had figgered out that a comet was goin' ter hit the earth and knock it galley west. Well, sir, Strabo jest got his board and lodgin' off that comet. He'd argue and preach about it ter me, and when I got tired of hearin' him, he'd argue and preach ter himself.

"One day I found him, all dressed up in



gunny bags, settin' in the ash heap. Said the world was comin' ter an end, and he was repentin' his sins in sackcloth and ashes. He was a great, broad-shouldered man, with long, fiery red whiskers—not a gray hair, though he was sixty—and anything more ridic'ous than him perched on that ash pile I never see.

"He kept on takin' one notion after another. One time, jest after Boongate started his asylum, he come ter me in the middle er the night and said he thought 'twas our duty ter go over ter Tautog Island and rescue them crazy folks. Said they was kept behind fences like cattle.

"Yus," says I, 'and the upshot of your goin' would be that there'd be another lunatic behind the fences. You go back ter bed,' says I, 'that's where you go.'

"Well, he went ter bed and never said no more about it, for his mind jest then begun ter be took up with a new subject. We had had our fust summer batch of boarders down that day, ter giggle and ask fool questions, and one of 'em had left a paper novel called 'Treasure Island.' It's a story 'bout pirates, and the best yarn ever I struck. If I could write a book like that I wouldn't swap jobs with Queen Victoria.

"Strabo jest went wild over that book. Read it and read it and read it. All he could talk was pirates. Now the pirates in the story was a mighty mean gang, but, somehow, he seemed ter glory in 'em. Next thing I knew he come home from Wellmouth in the catboat with a big package.

"What d'yer think that is?" says he, tickled as a child. 'Pirate books! pirate books!'

"Seems he'd sent up ter Boston and asked the publishin' folks ter send him all the books 'bout pirates that they had. And they'd sent a heap. He reg'larly swum in 'em. Read 'em aloud and read 'em ter himself. Talked about 'em mornin', noon and night. I got kinder worried. He didn't seem ter git over this streak same as he'd done the others, and I didn't like the look in his eyes.

"Next time he come back from the village he brought that thing there—'The Pirate's Own Book.' He'd been talkin' pirates ter

the fellers up at the store, and one of 'em had rummaged it out of the attic and give it ter him. I thought he'd acted bad enough over the other books, but, land of Goshen! 'twan't nawthin' ter the way he raved about this one. He learned it by heart, and used ter tell me about 'scuttlin', and 'walkin' the plank,' and sech cheerful things, while we was eatin' dinner. His lips would twitch and his eyes shine like they was lit up from



"'I'm Blackbeard the pirate,' says he."

inside. I got scared 'specially as he says ter me one day:

"'Cal, you 'n' me oughter be pirates.'

"'Oughter be *what*?' I roared.

"'Pirates, gentlemen of fortune. Blackbeard was one; yer can read about him in this book. He had a chist full of gold, and wore his whiskers all done up in little braids—all tied up in little braids,' he says, fingerin' his own beard and laffin' silly as a coot.

"'Strabo Doane,' says I, 'ain't yer ashamed of yerself? A man as old as you talkin' like that. S'pose'n the Gov'ment folks heard yer. Where'd you be? Lookin' fer a job, that's where ye'd be. If I hear any more sech silly nonsense I'll report yer.'

"Well, talkin' ter him like that seemed

ter bring him ter his senses. He turned red and acted like a whipped schoolboy. He was rational enough all the rest er that day. All the same, I made up my mind that when the supply boat come I'd tell 'em that he wa'n't fit ter be light-keeper no longer.

"But he kept as sane as the next feller fer days ter come. Never mentioned pirates, and seemed so like he used ter be that I thought the fit was over. Yer see, he'd been so kind ter me that I hated ter lose him his job onless 'twas absolutely necessary, so, he bein' so rational, I said nawthin' when the boat arrived. He talked with the Gov'ment men sensible as anybody, so they never noticed anything the matter.

"That night, after supper, I was settin' in the dinin' room, smokin' my pipe and waitin' fer lightin' up time. Strabo had gone out ter feed the chickens and had been gone quite a spell. I heard him come in at the kitchen door, but I didn't look up until he spoke ter me. Then I turned round and see him. Great Caesar, wa'n't he a sight!

"He had on a big soft felt hat that he used ter wear on board ship. It was pulled down over his eyes and had rooster feathers stuck in the band. His red whiskers was all braided inter little pigtails. He had a belt on, with the shinglin' hatchet and a big fish knife stuck in it, and he carried the Springfield in his hands. I knew in a minute what was the matter. He'd gone crazy as a loon.

"'Strabo Doane,' I says, 'what in thunder—'

"'I'm Blackbeard the pirate,' says he, pointin' ter his whiskers.

"'You're Strabo Doane, the dum fool,' says I, and I went fer him. But, land! I was a baby 'side er him. He stepped ter one side, reached out one of his big fists, and I thought that Canadian prophet's comet had hit me. Next I knew, he had me out er the house and was openin' the door of the light.

"'You go in there,' says he, pitchin' me inside, 'and stay there till it's time ter walk the plank. I'm Blackbeard the pirate, with my whiskers all tied up in little braids.' And he banged the door, and I heard the key turn in the lock.

"I laid still fer a few minutes, sort er gatherin' my wits tergether, as yer might say. Pawgonkit Lighthouse is brick, and the door's iron, so there wa'n't much use tryin' ter break out. Thinks I, 'I'll go up ter the gall'ry and see what that crazy critter is up to.' I wa'n't afraid of his makin' me walk the plank ner no sech nonsense, but I was

afraid that he might raise the dickens with the Gov'ment property, and I'd be blamed fer not lookin' out fer it. So I climbed the iron stairs ter the lantern, and stepped out through the winder onter the gall'ry.

"I couldn't see Blackbeard nowhere, but it was gittin' dark and that reminded me that 'twas time ter light the lamp. So I stepped back inter the light, opened the door of the lantern, and scratched a match on my boot. Jest then I heard Strabo roarin' ter me.

"'Don't yer light that lamp,' he says; 'I won't have it.'

"'Now, Strabo,' says I, kinder coaxin', goin' out on the gall'ry again, 'don't be silly. Go and put that gun away and be sensible. You'll lose yer job sure, if yer don't.'

"'I ain't Strabo,' says he, 'I'm Blackbeard the pirate, and I'm goin' ter lure my victims ter their doom. Goin' ter lure 'em ter their doom,' he howls. 'Don't yer light that lamp or I'll yard-arm yer.'

"I see 'twa'n't no use ter argue with him, so I went in and begun ter light up. At the first flash of the match he screeched like a wild Injun, and I heard him unlockin' the door below. He had a gun and I had nawthin' so I didn't try ter tackle him, but jest slammed the iron trap at the head er the stairs shut, and stood on it. He pounded and yelled and swore he'd cut me up fer shark bait, but at last he give it up, and went down and out. I went down myself, a few minutes later, hopin' he'd ferget ter lock the door, but he hadn't, and I was comin' up again, when, 'Bang!' went the old Springfield, and the glass jingled and smashed overhead.

"I poked my head through the trap, and 'Bang!' went the gun again. The winder pane flew, and a big junk of glass from the lantern crashed onter the floor. I couldn't think where he was shootin' from, but I crept across the floor and peeked over the winder sill. Then I see him. He'd gone up ter the attic of the house, climbed out through the skylight, and was settin' astraddle of the ridgepole, loadin' and firin'. Up there he was pretty nigh on a level with the gall'ry of the light.

"Well, ter make a long story short, there he sot till he'd shot that lantern all ter flinders. Yer couldn't light it no more'n yer could a sieve. Purty cute trick fer a lunatic, I call it. 'Twas too war-like fer me up in the lamp-room, so I sot on the stairs till the bombardment was over. It stopped after a

while, and then I crept up and out onter the gall'ry again.

"The kitchen was lit up, but I couldn't see Blackbeard nowheres. 'Twas pitch dark by this time, and a little mite foggy, besides. I was starin' off inter the black and worryin' about the smashed lantern, when, all at once, way down at t'other end of the island I see a light burst out. It was up high and shone bright as could be. I took the spy-glass down off the rack and spied at it. 'Twas a bonfire up on the edge of the sand bluff, and I could see Strabo's shadder prancin' round it.

"Then I knew what that critter meant by

lurin' his victims ter their doom. The ship channel, as I said, runs close ter Pawgonkit Island, between it and Tautog. The fishin' vessels, goin' inter Wellmouth harbor at night, steer close under the Pawgonkit light, and, the real light bein' out, they'd steer fer that fire and go ashore in the breakers. Strabo'd got the notion out of some pirate book.

"Well, sir, if I was worried afore, I was plum distracted now. 'Twas almost sartin that there'd be a wreck 'fore mornin'. The fog would lift every once in a while, jest long enough ter give a glimpse of the lights around, and then shut down ag'in. Any skipper, on sech a night, would take that fire fer the reg'lar light, and I knew it. I had ha'f a mind ter jump down from the gall'ry, but I knew I'd break my leg, if not my neck, and that wouldn't be judicious. All I could do was wait fer somethin' ter happen, and I didn't have ter wait long.

"There was a sorter smash off in the dark on the harbor side of the island, and then a great noise of hollerin' and swearin'. I

knew some kind of craft must be ashore there, but there wa'n't no surf ter speak of on that side, so I felt sure the crew would git ter land all right. I couldn't think what a vessel was doin' off that part of the beach, anyhow.

"The hollerin' and swearin' still kept up, and purty soon I heard Strabo's voice roarin' out somethin' or other. Then the old Springfield went off, 'Bang!'

"'Good land!' says I, 'that Bedlamite has shot somebody.'

"But they wa'n't all killed, 'cause I could hear powowin' goin' on. Then that all died out, and nobody was sayin' anything but

Strabo. He seemed ter be comin' towards the light, and I could hear him yellin' that he was Blackbeard the pirate, and 'bout his braided whiskers, and tellin' somebody ter prepare ter walk the plank, and a whole lot more rubbish. When he come nearer I made out that he was driving two fellers before him at the p'int of the gun. The light from the kitchen winder shone on 'em, and I see that one of 'em was in a blue uniform, the uniform of the



"The old man marched his pris'ners round back of the house."

keepers at Boongate's asylum, and I'm blessed if the other wasn't old Boongate himself.

"'Twas plain enough then. Boongate and the other feller had been up ter Wellmouth in the launch, prob'ly ter meet some patient who was bein' brought down on the evenin' train. Comin' back, the fog and Strabo's fire had misled 'em, and they'd run ashore. I wondered what had become of the patient, and was afraid that Strabo might have shot him.

"The old man marched his pris'ners round back of the house, and I heard him orderin'

one of 'em ter 'open that door.' Then there was a great noise of chickens squawkin', and a door banged and a padlock rattled. Then I commenced ter laff, I couldn't help it, ter think of pompous old Boongate, whose business was keepin' lunatics shut up, bein' shut up himself, by a lunatic, and in a hen-house, at that. I'm 'fraid he was rather crowded, 'cause we had a good many chickens that summer, and the hen-house wa'n't very big.

"Strabo went off howlin' that he was goin' ter lure more victims ter their doom, and how he was goin' ter kill us all in a day or so. I could see him in a little while, dancin' round his fire again.

"Well, I kept watch all night, but no more wrecks happened, which was a mercy. In the airy mornin' I went down stairs again, and then I see somethin' that made me call myself names for not thinkin' of it afore. We had a spare sail fer the catboat, and we kept it in the light. There it was, all rolled up, and side of it was a coil of rope fer halliards, enough ter reach from the gall'ry of the light ter the ground twice over. I might have been out er there hours ago.

"I took the rope and went up again. Jest as I come out on the gall'ry I heard somebody hollerin', 'Tiddy boom—tidddy boom—tidddy boom—boom—boom,' over'n over again. 'Twan't Strabo's voice, and I couldn't think who 'twas. I looked over the rail and there was a sight.

"A fat old chap with white mutton-chop whiskers was comin' over the sand toward the light. He had on a black broadcloth suit and a plug hat, but they'd been soaked with water and was all battered and wrinkled out er shape. He had some spears of beach grass stuck in his hat and carried a piece of lath in his hand. He throwed his chist way out and lifted his knees high at every step, and kept sayin', 'Tiddy boom—tidddy boom—tidddy boom—boom—boom,' imitatin' a drum, I s'pose. When he got close ter the light he hollers, 'Bugler, blow the halt. Tooty toot toot. Soldiers, yer Emperor's eye is on yer.'

"Well, by ginger,' says I, 'all this island needed was another lunatic, and here he is.'

"Of course, I knew right away who the feller must be. He was the patient Boongate and his keeper had been takin' ter Tautog Island. I looked around, but Strabo didn't seem ter be nowhere in sight, so I sings out, 'Hello, mister!'

"The old chap heard my voice, and began ter look everywhere for me—that is, everywhere but the right place. He looked straight up in the air, and round the corner of the light, and even down the well. Fin'ly he went and picked up an empty pasteboard box that was layin' near and looked under that.

"No,' he says, sighin', 'he ain't there.'

"I laffed right out loud, and he looked in the right direction this time and see me.

"How do yer do?" says he, takin' off his hat. 'I am the Emp'ror Napoleon Bonyparte. Have yer seen anything of my golden crown of empire?'

"Of yer which?" says I.

"Of my golden crown of empire," says he. 'Twas a very nice crown, size seven and a quarter. There's di'mon's in it,' he says, raisin' his voice at every word, 'big as peas, big as beans, big as beets, big as turnips, big as CABBAGES!' The last was a reg'lar howl.

"S-sh-sh, yer majesty," says I. 'Don't holler so; yer'll bust a biler. How'd yer lose it?'

"I laid it down one mornin'," he says, 'and—and—kinder wand'r'in' like, 'I guess the cat got it. He was a Maltese cat,' he says, anxious as could be. 'Don't you think he must have got it?'

"Fore I had time ter answer there was a howl of, 'Surrender!' and round the corner come Strabo, wavin' his gun and screamin' with rage.

"Surrender!' he yells, dancin' round the old chap and p'intin' the rifle at him. 'Surrender, and prepare ter walk the plank.'

"How do yer do?" says t'other loon, ca'm and perlite, takin' off his hat. 'I am the Emp'ror Napoleon Bonyparte. Have



"Tiddy boom—tidddy boom—tidddy boom—boom—boom."

yer seen anything of my golden crown of empire?"

"Shut up!" yells Strabo, "I am Blackbeard the pirate, with my whiskers all done up in little braids, and you've got ter walk the plank. Walk the plank," he goes on, "while I lure more victims ter their doom. I didn't lure but two last night," says he, in a kind of hissin' whisper, "'cause my fire wa'n't big enough. But there'll be a bigger one now. Look at that!" He grabbed Bony's arm and p'inted ter the kitchen winder. There was a light cloud of smoke comin' out of it. 'I've sot it afire,' says he, 'sot the house afire. I'll lure 'em now!'

"I heard t'other loon tellin' him that his whiskers was purty and jest the color of the golden crown of empire, but I didn't pay no attention. I knew that, no matter what risk I took, I'd got ter git down from that light and try ter put out the fire. I was responsible fer the Gov'ment's property, and I'd seen enough of it go ter pot already. I run ter the other side of the gall'ry, slung my rope round one of the railin' posts and got ready ter swing myself over. Jest as I done so I heard the lighthouse door open, and heard Strabo say, 'Stay there till it's walkin' plank time.' Then the door banged to again, and I knew he'd locked the Emp'ror up in the light, 'long er me.

"I waited a minute ter look and see if the coast was clear, and then grabbed the rope and slid slowly ter the ground. I had left the rope double, so's I could pull it down after me, but when I tried ter do it it seemed ter stick. I looked up, and blessed if there wa'n't that Bonyparte critter leanin' over the rail and holdin' it.

"I guess I'll come down, too," says he.

"S-sh-sh!" I whispers, 'go back.'

"No," says he, climbin' over, 'I guess I'd better come.'

"Strabo had gone yelling off inter the house, ter see 'bout his fire, I s'pose, but

now I heard him comin'. There wa'n't no time ter fool away, so I scooted round back of the light. I heard Strabo roar out somethin', and Bonyparte answer. Then Strabo says, 'I'll shoot! I'll shoot!'

"Thinks I, 'One of them loonies 'll kill the other sartin, if I don't interfere.' And I knew ter interfere meant the chance of a bullet from the Springfield. However, I swallowed my heart and crept back ter the corner of the light and peeked round it. And I almost laffed, serious as things was.



"And there he laid, with the Emp'ror sprawled on top of him."

"Bony had clumb over the rail and was swingin' on the rope, ha'f way ter the ground. Strabo was underneath, p'intin' the rifle at him and yellin' ter him ter go back.

"But, my dear sir," says the Emp'ror, smilin' and perlite as ever, though he was spinnin' round on the rope like a teetotum and pawin' the air with his poor fat old legs, 'under the circumstances, I should deem it more judicious ter come down.'

"Go back," howls Blackbeard, hoppin' and stampin', 'or I'll blow yer ter slivers. Go back!'

"Now, 'twould be jest as possible fer an elephant ter fly as 'twould have been fer the Emp'rör ter have climbed that rope. His breath was gittin' purty puffy, and his bald head was redder'n a lobster, but he hung where he was and clawed at the bricks with his toes like he was working a treadmill.

"I appreciate yer disinterested advice," he says, blowin' between the words like a grampus, but smooth and smilin' still, 'but don't you think yer head would be more becomin' if yer kept it down the well?"

"Go back, yer mis'erable sculpin!" roars Strabo, shakin' the rope and jumpin' up and tryin' ter poke the Emp'rör with the barrel of the gun. "Go back! go back!"

"Poor old Bony was workin' his legs in kinder jerky spasms, like a frog in a fit.

"I feel (*puff*) it my duty (*puff*).," says he, 'ter inform you that I (*puff*) have decided (*puff*) ter come (*puff*) down.'

"And I'll be shot if he *didn't* come down! He let go all holts and started fer the ground like a piledriver. He lit right on Blackbeard's neck, and that bloodthirsty pirate's nose went inter the sand, and the breath went out of his body with a 'Woof!' that yer could hear fer ha'f a mile. And there he laid, with the Emp'rör sprawled on top of him.

"I didn't lose no time, but broke fer the henhouse. The key was in the padlock, and I had that door open in a jiffy. Boongate and the other chap was settin' on a row of nests, and looked sick enough. I reckon they thought I was Strabo come ter butcher 'em.

"Hurry up!" says I, 'we've got him now.'

"When we got back ter the light Strabo was still stretched out, but the Emp'rör was

settin' up, lookin' kinder dazed but not much the wuss fer wear.

"Please may I come in?" says he, knocking with his knuckles on Strabo's head, like it was a door, 'I wish ter search fer my golden crown.'

"I left the other fellers ter tie the loonies up with my rope, and ran inter the kitchen. The fire hadn't made much headway, bein' lit against the sink where 'twas kinder wet, and a few buckets of water put it out.

"Strabo had come to when I got back, but we had ter carry him ter the catboat. The Emp'rör, however, marched along gay as ever, hollerin' 'Tiddy boom' at every step, and orderin' regiments of make-believe soldiers ter foller him ter vict'ry or death. Seems he was a Boston professor of hist'ry who had gone crazy and had been sent ter Boongate fer treatment. When the launch had gone ashore, the night afore, he hadn't paid no attention ter Blackbeard's orders, but jest waded ter land and run away. 'Twas him that Strabo fired at.

"The Gov'ment wanted me ter take the light-keeper's job at Pawgonkit, but I wouldn't have it. I was sick and tired of the place.

"Boongate's folks took care of Strabo till the State Asylum men come fer him. He's up ter Danvers now. Last time I was ter Boston I went out ter see him. He give me a sheet of paper all scribbled over. Said 'twas a map showin' where he'd buried his gold. Said he'd scuttled three thousand four hundred and twenty-eight vessels, and wanted ter know if I wouldn't go piratin' with him an' have some fun.

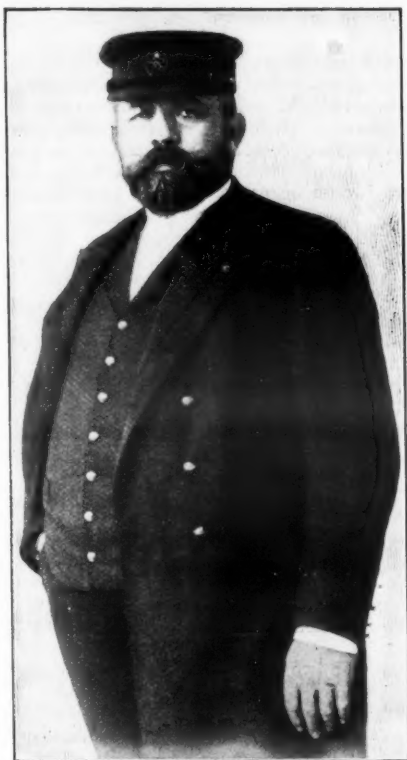
"No, thanks," says I, 'I've had all the fun with pirates that I want.'

## SLEEP AND DEATH

By ARTHUR STRINGER

Two sisters they; one wanton, light of heart,  
 Who takes us to her breast, and laughs good-bye;  
 One, chaste as ice, in her white room doth lie,  
 But him she loves, she never lets depart!





Henri Menier.

## MENIER AND HIS ISLAND

BY HENRY HARRISON LEWIS

WHEN a man takes a bit of land that has remained idle and unproductive since the world has known of it—a bit of land, say, of two million acres, or about three times the size of the average European principality—and through the efforts of his brawn, or of brawn controlled by him, converts it into a garden spot and a source of good to the world in general, he is regarded either as a man of commercial instincts finely developed, or as a philanthropist. He may be both.

Henri Menier, of Paris, is both.

From France to the Island of Anticosti, in the mouth of the St. Lawrence River, is a far cry. Geographically, the distance between them is about 2,500 miles, but in climate and in appearance and in all the

various attributes of a country they are antipodal. The one is bright, gay, cheerful, sunny and civilized, in fact, La Belle France; the other drear, cold, ice-bound in winter and almost unsettled. There is no affinity, no purpose, no taste in common between the two; yet in the past few years the money, the talent and the science of a son of one have been poured out for the benefit of the other.

In 1895 the name Anticosti was barely known to Henri Menier, of Paris. To-day Anticosti is the subject of his waking thoughts and of his dreams.

In 1895 the shores of this island, which stands like a monstrous tooth in the mouth of the mighty St. Lawrence, knew only the footprints of occasional fishermen, or of the

few settlers who had ventured fortune along the sands; to-day Anticosti boasts a thriving town built and conducted on modern principles. Besides, quays and costly breakwaters and important canning factories are to be found there.

Until five years ago no human being had

Henry Menier, now in his forty-eighth year, was born in France in the year 1853. His family had acquired many millions of dollars in manufacturing. Henri, always a quiet youth of studious habits, and intelligent beyond his years, was called upon to take charge of his father's vast interests at eighteen.



Bai Ste. Claire (English Bay.)

The capital of Anticosti. From this thriving settlement the affairs of the island are directed.

forced the woody barriers of the interior; to-day the small army of workers employed by Menier, the modern pioneer, is pushing steadily onward, building roads, making clearings and laying the foundation of agricultural prosperity.

Within five years more than two millions of dollars have been expended by Henri Menier for the benefit of this island of the new world. In the same period he has worked many hours each day upon the problem of its future. He has brought science and intelligence and physical labor to bear upon the question of its development and where he has sown dollars he intends to sow hundreds, and where he has devoted the brains and the strength of a battalion he intends to devote the strength and the brains of a corps.

Perhaps the reader will ask why?

The answer lies in the character of the man.

He literally walked in one day from a school room to the private office of a business measuring in capacity and importance more than one hundred million francs. At nineteen he had mastered the details, at twenty he began to enlarge the plant, at twenty-five he had practically doubled the output, at thirty his name was a household word in four continents, at thirty-five his fortune had reached the enormous figure of two hundred million francs, and at forty-two this man in whom practical science, a philosophical disposition and commercial shrewdness struggled for the mastery, bought the island of Anticosti.

The act was typical of the man. He was approached one day by an Englishman named Kendrick, who announced that he had an island to sell.

"Where is it?" asked Menier.

"At the mouth of the St. Lawrence River," was the reply.



The Last of the Fox Bay Settlers.

John Stubbard and his family. The second figure from the left is Stubbard, who demands an exorbitant price for his house.

"Ah, Anticosti?"

The Englishman nodded.

"The price?"

"One hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars."

Henri Menier had paid double that sum for a steam yacht. The amount was a trifle, not one month's income, and for the sole ownership of an island which he knew contained more than two million acres of land. It was really ridiculous.

"The title is absolutely clean," remarked Kendrick "We can prove it from the time the island was granted to one Joliett in 1627 by the King of France."

"Why do you wish to sell it?"

"Because it is an elephant upon our hands," was the frank reply. "I am the

miles long and forty miles broad, lying at the mouth of the St. Lawrence River, and that it had for its nearest neighbors Labrador and Newfoundland and Halifax, names which conjured up visions of icebergs and dreary solitudes.

He read in one book that Anticosti was a corruption of "Nanticostik," an Indian word meaning "good hunting ground for bear," and in another that among seafarers the island was known as "The Mariner's Grave Yard," and "The Isle of Shipwrecks." In his search he ran across such statements as—

"It (Anticosti) was at all periods of the year a place avoided by navigators, owing to its exposed position and the peril incurred through approaching its rock-bound coast. Its history of shipwrecks is long and for-



A Camp on the Road to Ellis Bay.

secretary of a company called the Island of Anticosti Company, Limited. The company bought the island in 1889 from the former owners, who had failed to make it pay, and now we wish to get rid of it. The price is small."

Mr. Menier fully agreed with the latter statement, but his business instinct would not permit him to close a bargain without due investigation. The purchase of an orange, or a horse, or a locomotive for the private railway on his country estate, receives equal consideration.

"Return to-morrow," he said, briefly. "I will look into the matter."

Then he began to absorb information regarding this strange island which had so unexpectedly crossed the horizon of his daily life. He found the details interesting to the degree of fascination. He learned that Anticosti was a great bulk of land 135

bidding. For more than two centuries its inhospitable shores have been a cemetery for the bones of many a noble craft. In 1736, the French frigate *La Renommée* was wrecked upon its rocky coast, with large loss of life. On Egg Island, not far distant, on the 22d of August, 1711, eight heavily laden British transports conveying troops to capture Quebec from the French, were wrecked, and more than 2,000 soldiers were dashed to death upon the rocky shores or drowned in the turmoil of waters.

In the ten years between 1870 and 1880, one hundred and six craft consisting of seven steamships, sixty-seven full-rigged ships and barques, fourteen brigs and brigantines, and eighteen schooners met disaster or ruin upon the rock-ribbed coast of Anticosti."

This was very interesting indeed, but it led to the question, was it worth while to pay even such a paltry sum as \$125,000 for what seemed to be only a graveyard of the sea? Rich men buy estates and blocks of houses, and horses; they traffic even in slim-keeled ocean racers and in stocks and bonds, but an "isle of shipwrecks"?

Mr. Menier even read Charles Lever's novel, "Con Cregan," in which the gifted Irish writer gives a most gressome and fantastic description of his hero's experiences on Anticosti. In the book the island is characterized as a gigantic monster raising its misshapen form above the water with not a trace of foliage or verdure.

On its shores of shelving slate, Lever places two rough cabins supplied with food and clothing for the unfortunate seamen who were yearly cast away there. He also infests this wilderness of rocks with myriad rats, and gives it a king of tremendous strength and awful ferocity in the shape of a black sailor who for forty years seeks shelter there and wreaks his vengeance on the unhappy men that chance to be cast ashore.

It was evident that very little encouragement for the investment had been discovered thus far, but Mr. Menier persisted, and finally obtained a pamphlet called "Anticosti: Notes on its resources and capabilities," which contained an account prepared by A. R. Roche, Esq., and read by him before the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, October 4, 1854. The opening paragraph begins:

"In the midst of the progress which is going on throughout British North America in reclaiming the wilderness and in seeking out and developing new sources of wealth, it is a matter of astonishment to those that observe that progress with a view to increase it where it already exists, or to introduce it where it has not been, that no account has been taken of a valuable island, Anticosti, which is large enough to become a province in itself, and which lies in the center of our North American colonies, and at the threshold of the most important colony of the whole."

After treating in detail of the really generous soil and the valuable fisheries and other resources of the island, the book concludes with this comprehensive statement:

"Should properly conducted, and sufficiently extended explorations be made at Anticosti, and commensurate exertions be expended upon it, results will be produced there, similar to those which have followed proper inquiry into, and proper efforts for developing the resources of Nova Scotia and Newfoundland; a fair proportion of good as well as bad land will be discovered; the former will be made to yield every description of

grain and vegetables which can be successfully grown in these countries, and to raise any number of cattle and sheep; while the entire island will be made to export in addition to furs and fish, oil, tallow, tar, potash, dairy products, and the finest ice from its lakes and rivers, and to support a large and thriving population of fisherman, mechanics, traders and agriculturists. But what the writer conceives to give more value to Anticosti than its capabilities of soil and climate, or its

many other resources, whether belonging to the sea, to the rivers or to the land, is its position at the entrance of the St. Lawrence, in the direct and only channel of an immense traffic which, within a short period, is certain to become vastly increased. In brief, the island either to-day or to-morrow, in this generation or the next, is destined to become one of the garden spots of the world, and immensely valuable. The company, the men or the man who secures it in the fulness of time will have in their or in his power a chance to do what Columbus did in 1492, or lesser explorers have done before and since—discover a new world for the benefit of mankind."



A Newcomer in Anticosti.

One of Menier's plans is to stock the island with animals of the chase.

This extract was the last read by Menier. Throughout the rest of the day and long into the night he pondered and thought over this

prophecy from a past generation.

But on the following day when Kendrick visited him, he said, briefly, "I am undecided. I will send a commission of three to investigate and report. Until then we will wait."

It was simply the business shrewdness of the man, the shrewdness that had made him a king among financiers at twenty-five, and a multi-millionaire at thirty. With him the golden crown worn by Cræsus would have had to bear weight and test before a franc was invested in it.

"It is only twenty-five thousand pounds," persisted Kendrick. "A simple sum of \$125,000. The wood on the island is worth more than that."

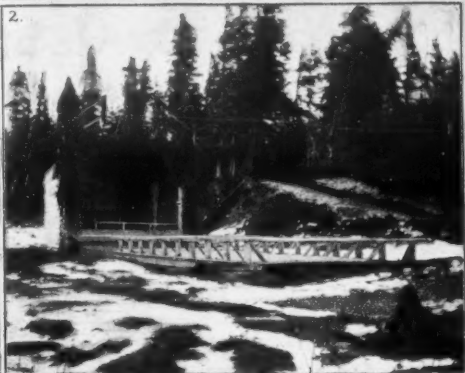
"I will send a commission," replied Menier, imperturbably. "If you do not care to wait—"

Kendrick waited.

A commission of three men selected by Menier set out at once, and in due course of time an enthusiastic cable message reached Paris. Then the commission returned and supplemented the message with more enthusiastic comments and reports.

"It is a wonderful place," said the three.

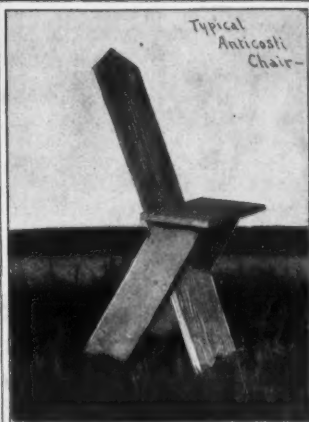
1. THE GYMNASIUM  
AND  
PLEASURE HALL  
PROVIDED BY  
M. MENIER  
FOR HIS  
EMPLOYEES



2. AN OPEN AIR CHURCH.  
3. THE CHIEF OF AGRICULTURE  
AND PRODUCTS OF  
SCIENTIFIC FARMING. —



4. THE LONE BATTERY  
OF  
ANTICOSTI



Typical  
Anticosti  
Chair—





L. O. Commettant.  
Governor of Anticosti.

"The soil is fertile, the fishing invaluable; the spruce forests covering the island are almost ample enough to supply the world with paper pulp." In brief, the reports gave Anticosti the very best character.

His business instincts satisfied, Menier closed the bargain at once, and became the sole owner of a spot of land great enough and rich enough to form the realm of a king. And that for a sum which will go down in history together with the forty dollars paid for Manhattan and the ridiculous amount given by Penn for Pennsylvania.

The following summer the new proprietor of Anticosti crossed the ocean in his yacht to inspect the island personally. What he found there exceeded his roseate anticipations. He saw what his commissioners had described, and, in addition, he realized with the trained mind of a scientist and the acute perception of one who has original and bold ideas that much more could be done with this wonderful island than had been foreseen.

The agricultural and commercial possibilities were undoubted, and the fishing industry extremely valuable, but there was something beyond all this.

In France, in connection with his great manufactories, is a model city established by the elder Menier.

It is called Noisiel, and is located forty miles from Paris. The population consists of five thousand souls. In this town every man works for Menier, and every woman and child lives upon the wages paid by him. Nowhere in France can be found a city better constructed, cleaner, more sanitary and prettier.

There are churches and theatres, wide, well-kept streets, beautiful parks, shops, a railroad, and all that goes to make up the average community. The churches were built by Menier, the theatres, the streets, the parks and the houses belong to him, and the shops sell his goods. Everything is based on plans made by him—life is lived after his rules.

And the people are happy.

His own country home is there, and on the same great estate is the beautiful mansion occupied by his mother to the day of her death. This house is still maintained with its staff of servants, its carriage and its wide-open doors as a simple mark of respect.

In Noisiel, Menier carried out ideas which had come to him after long study. He believed that people—the working people of



*The Bacchante.*

M. Menier's yacht, in which he visited Anticosti.



the world—could be made happier and better if surrounded and aided by well-proved scientific rules. His plan was not socialistic, not Utopian, but merely patterned after his own belief. Noisiel as a model community is a success.

Menier's visit to Anticosti gave him the idea that the island was pre-eminently the place on which to extend and expand his views. He decided to make it a second

with fishing, and made little effort to till the soil. During the summer they trapped and canned the lobsters which swarm about the island, and in the long winter months they rested somnolent like the hibernating bear. They lived this neutral life entirely undisturbed until the eventful day when word came that a Frenchman, an alien, had presumed to buy Anticosti, and was about to come into possession of his own.



Rentilly Clearing.

It is from the clearings, in various parts of the island, that the Anticosti pioneers attack the virgin forest.

Noisiel, but on even better lines. Little time was lost in beginning, but a fair commencement had hardly been made when certain unforeseen obstacles presented themselves. The obstacles are now known to history as the episode of the Fox Bay settlers.

Anticosti was not entirely uninhabited when Menier took possession. Here and there along the coast, and principally at the little harbor of Fox Bay on the extreme northeastern corner were a dozen or more families that had earned a precarious livelihood at fishing for twenty odd years.

These settlers bore no title to the land occupied by them, simply living there on the sufferance of the previous owners and at a nominal rent. They contented themselves

From that hour trouble threatened the new proprietor. The settlers were English, or of English descent, he was French. There was also a question of religion, which, like politics, seems to cause differences in all climes.

When Menier paid his first visit to Anticosti in May, 1896, and found a number of squatters upon it, especially at Fox Bay, he announced his willingness to permit them to remain as his tenants, provided they agreed to conform with the regulations he deemed necessary for the good of the island.

All the residents accepted these terms, promising to obey the code of rules and regulations personally formulated by Menier. The first article in these regulations

provides that no one can take up his residence on the island, land there, carry on a trade, or follow a profession of any kind without having obtained special permission from the administration of the island. This decree, based on the principle that a person has a right to choose his own company, and save himself from the company of objectionable persons upon his property, holds good in every civilized quarter of the globe. Other rules are:

The importation or export of provisions, liquors, plants, seeds, cattle or animals in general, or any objects or other things otherwise than through the commercial board of the island, and by vessels owned by Menier, is strictly prohibited unless permission is obtained from the governor of the island.

No resident of the island shall lodge or take into his service any one who has not obtained permission to reside there.

The use of alcohol, spirits and fermented drinks is prohibited.

The possession or retention of firearms is forbidden, except in particular cases, when a permit may be issued by the governor, which is revokable at any time. The object of this rule is to prevent the inhabitants from shooting game or fur-bearing animals.

It is forbidden to take fish in the rivers, lakes and ponds of the island. The right of sea fishing and the hunting of seals by the inhabitants is reserved and regulated by a code which is framed with a view to insure the preservation of fish and animals.

The appropriation of any wreckage, or, in general, of anything or any animal, which may be stranded on the shores of the island is forbidden, and except in the case of a shipwreck or damage to a vessel no craft shall load or unload cargo except by permission of the administration.

All births, marriages and deaths which take place on the island must be reported to the administration, or to its agents in each district.

All discoveries of minerals must be immediately reported, not only by those who have made the discovery, but by those who have any knowledge of the fact.

The outbreak of any contagious disease must at once be reported to the administration. All residents of the island upon arrival there must submit to vaccination, which is repeated yearly. All ports of the island are subject to international sanitary law.

No animal of any sort can be imported except by special permission, and after hav-

ing been visited and passed upon by the veterinary inspector of the island. In the case of cattle, a rigid quarantine is enforced.

The father, mother or guardian of a minor, and the employers of servants are held responsible for their acts.

Any infringement of the rules is cause for the revocation of the lease or contract which exists, or of permission to remain on the island.

It does not require a very careful scrutiny of the regulations just quoted to realize that Menier simply followed his rights as owner of Anticosti, that he has asked no impossibilities and has placed no burdensome restrictions upon his tenants. His rules are based on those obtaining in every country, city or community, rules wisely ordered for the protection of property and the common weal.

The code of regulations proved obnoxious to the settlers of Fox Bay, however, and it soon became apparent that the people there were too fond of what they called their love of freedom to obey them. Disobedience and discontent, once commenced, speedily grew into what might be characterized as open mutiny. The Fox Bay settlers, it is alleged, finally defied Menier and broke his rules to their hearts' content.

Efforts were made by Menier and his representatives to avoid trouble, and every leniency was shown to the squatters. They were told repeatedly that if they would obey the rules as others were doing, including all those in the employ of the administration, every aid would be given them in improving their work.

Promises were repeatedly made by the settlers, and repeatedly broken. Two years passed, and finally forbearance ceased to be a virtue. In 1898 the squatters were given the civil notice to quit, which notice they promptly refused to obey. To make matters worse, the press of the Dominion, or a part of the press, now actively took up the subject, and many sensational articles were published.

The impending eviction of the Fox Bay settlers was compared to the expulsion of the Acadians from Grand Pré, immortalized by Longfellow in "Evangeline," and the newspapers of both Canada and the United States contained glowing descriptions of the injustice being done "the God-fearing, simple fisher folk of Anticosti," by the "arrogant French millionaire who had purchased the island for the purpose of establishing a hunting preserve for his friends."



Riviere Vaurel Cascade in Jupiter River.

In time, even worse things were hinted at. Strange tales of political complications appeared in the press. It was said that Menier was acting for the French Government, and that a French colony composed of soldiers disguised as laborers was being sent to the island. One paper claimed to have proof that fortifications were being erected by night, and that a formidable battery of modern guns was about to be landed from a strange vessel which had mysteriously appeared in the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

In an article published in the *New York Sun* in July, 1900, its correspondent at St. Pierre, Miquelon, said in part:

"If, beyond and behind this, there is a scheme on the part of France to establish a new possession at the very front door of Canada, and M. Menier is but the agent of the French Government for the carrying out of this project, a very serious international aspect is imparted to the matter. . . . How much of the inner workings, if such there be, are revealed, it is, of course, impossible to say, but it is undeniable that the French cruiser *Isly*, the flagship of that fleet in Newfoundland waters, has been cruising near Anticosti lately."

All this, of course, is silly beyond meas-

ure, but it shows that even the American press was not averse to accuse Menier of ulterior motives. The fortifications and formidable battery accusations were not made out of whole cloth. When I visited Anticosti several months ago I was shown a series of earthworks back of the town of Bai Ste. Claire (English Bay). The interior of these earthworks was filled with barrels of flour, and beef and other provisions—in fact, a safe repository thoughtfully provided by Menier against loss by fire.

"These are our fortifications," smilingly exclaimed M. Landrien, the chief of the commercial board of Anticosti. "We fortify ourselves thus against hunger in case our main stores are destroyed."

Notwithstanding the dissension and mutiny within and bitter racial accusations without, Menier calmly proceeded with his plans. Through his legal adviser in Quebec, Mr. Gibsons, he went to law, and after a sensational trial, the Fox Bay settlers were ordered to leave the island.

The decision was followed by a storm of protest from the press and part of the Canadian public. Sympathetic but misinformed people sided with the Fox Bay settlers, and when the eviction was found unavoidable, a

collection amounting to four thousand dollars was taken up for the settlers.

To the last Menier expressed his regret at compelling them to leave. When a

When efforts were being made to dispose of Anticosti no consideration was shown the settlers who had lived there during a quarter of a century. The land upon which they had settled might have been deeded to them, and much trouble averted. However, encumbrances serve to cheapen bargains. Perhaps the Fox Bay settlers were regarded as encumbrances.

Menier's plans for the island are broad. They include the building of towns, the clearing of land, the construction of roads and railways, the building of a deep sea port, and the development of the natural resources of the island, such as agricultural products, fisheries and paper pulp.

A fair start has been made. The old settlement of English Bay, which consisted of a few scattered fishermen's huts, is now the seat of authority on the island. A regular town has been laid out with streets, a plaza, sanitary plumbing, school, and all that goes to make up the



The Anticosti Band.

Directed by the governor and composed of chiefs of the service and of their families.

commission decided upon the amount of money due the Fox Bay people for their improvements he voluntarily added a thousand dollars to the amount. He offered the use of his steamer, *Savoy*, to convey them to Quebec, and did everything in his power to aid them. Moved by pressure in certain quarters, the government gave to each head of a family a tract of land in the Northwest, and with two exceptions, the Fox Bay settlers are now there.

During my visit to Anticosti I talked with the one settler remaining, whose case was not then tried, John Stubbard. Stubbard was content to go, but he demanded a price for his house and improvements which Mr. Menier regarded as excessive. One fact I deduced during the visit is that much of the disappointment and misfortune experienced by the Anticosti squatters might well be charged to the previous owners of the island.



"The White Forest."

From November till April communication between settlements is maintained on sleds or snowshoes.

modern community. The hospital is a model of its class, and is supervised by a surgeon of scientific attainments. The store is thoroughly equipped, carrying goods valued at thirty thousand dollars.

There is a gymnasium and music hall combined, and quarters for married and unmarried employees. On the outskirts of the town is a farm laid out and managed on modern principles. It is officially designated as the Central Farm, and from it are controlled minor farms and clearings on the island. The chief of agriculture, M. Picard, has had experience in various parts of the world, having served as an agricultural expert on the Congo for the French Government.

It is an important part of Menier's plan to surround himself with thoroughly competent men. The scheme of administration includes a governor, M. Comettant, who was born in New York City, and various chiefs of service. M. Landrieu is the chief accountant, M. Jaquemart, a French engineer of note, is the chief of public works; M. Picard, chief of agriculture; Dr. Schmitt, surgeon-in-chief; Mr. Doggett, chief of

fisheries; Captain Belanger, chief of marine service, and Mr. Gibsone, legal adviser.

Under these directors of departments are many skilled workmen and laborers, the whole making an admirably organized force. Menier is, of course, the absolute ruler, and associated with him as a valued adviser is his friend, M. Georges Martin-Zede, a well-known Parisian.

The improvements contemplated and now under way include the building of a deep-sea port at Ellis Bay, the making of roads, and the construction of important lobster canneries at Fox Bay. The latter industry is one of the best on the island. Anticosti is considered the greatest lobster producing fishery on earth. The immense forests of spruce on the island will be utilized in the near future, Menier's intention being to erect a large pulp factory, and to export the product to England, France and the United States.

The winning of such an enormous territory from desolation and its conversion into a productive center, with all that such a consummation means for civilization, is worth the efforts of any man.

It is the act of a benefactor.

## THE LIVING SEA

By THEODOSIA GARRISON

How like the city is unto the sea:

The mighty wave of commerce breaks and beats

In restless surges through the city streets,

Swayed by the master tide of energy.

How many derelicts, long morn to morn,

Drift at the mercy of the wind and wave—

The flotsam and the jetsam of the pave—

Deserted, rudderless and tempest-torn.

Here move great argosies with gold and bales,

Staunch ships that dare the cunning currents' might,

And through their long procession dart the light

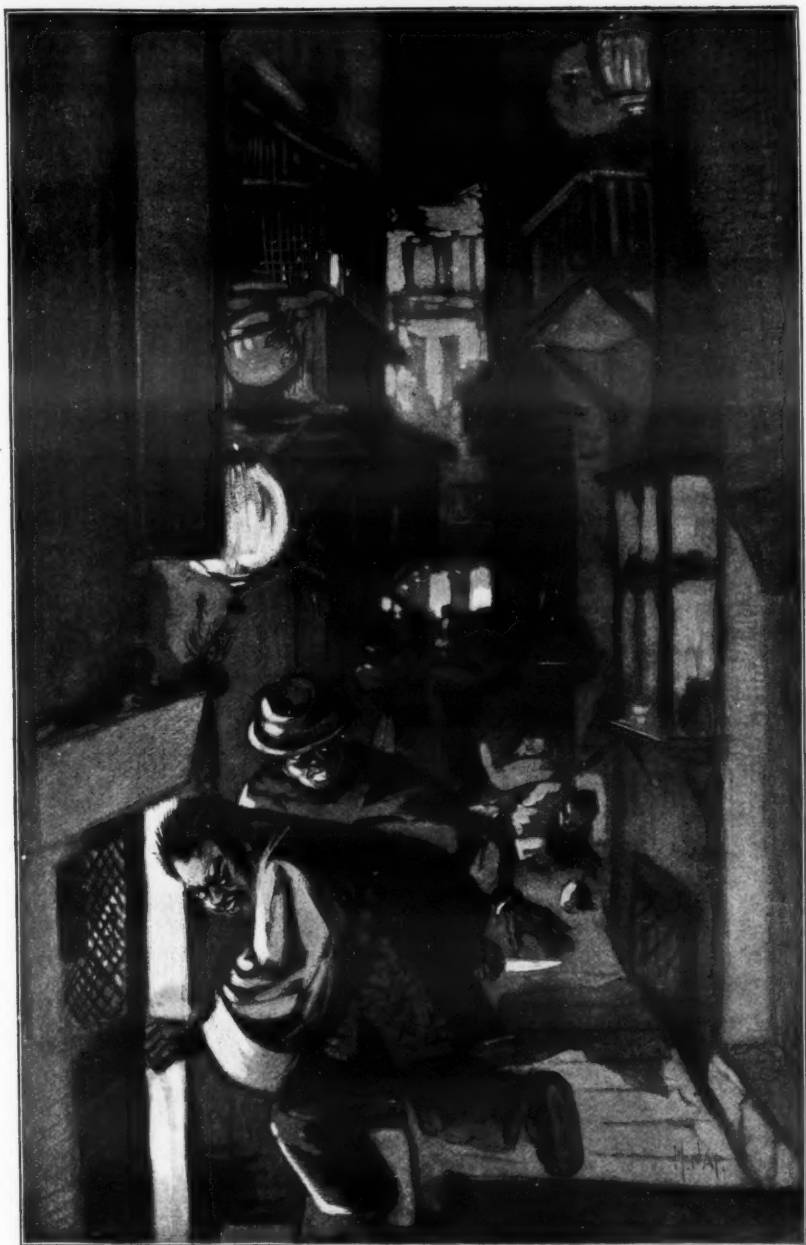
Swift pleasure craft with sun-emblazoned sails.

Yet am I minded only of one thing:

How much—how much these smiling waters drown.

Dear God, what wrecks this very day went down,

Unhailed, unsignaled and unsignaling!



"Then the police of the white devils swooped down on Chinatown . . . with much smashing of furniture, and breaking of altars and emblems of the Joss . . ."



# THE FOUR DOLLAR FEUD

By EARLE ASHLEY WALCOTT

SAM SING owed Wing Lee four dollars. That was the beginning of it. The end of it was a war that turned Chinatown inside out, and added a thousand gray hairs to the whitening locks of the Chief of Police. This was the way of it: Wing Lee was cook for the Hotel Beau Brummell, till he became sick and betook himself to the long smoke for a cure. Two days' pay was due him, but the butcher came first, and the landlady objected on principle to paying wages till the month was up.

"I pay you day before yesterday. What for you want money all the time?" she said in complaint.

"Two days I wo'k. I plenty sick man. I want my money," said Wing Lee. Whereupon argument ensued.

"You wait here till I collect it," said the landlady at last.

And Wing Lee, having waited for one hour in the hall, and being a sick man, went his way, and Sam Sing became cook at the Beau Brummell.

One week later the landlady of the Beau Brummell, having by her four dollars and no creditor in sight, gave the money to Sam Sing for the payment of Wing Lee. Her conscience smote her, being tender of heart, that the man had gone from her roof and was sick; so she paid. Then in two days the Hotel Beau Brummell was closed because of the sudden rebellion of the butcher, the grocer, the vendor of vegetables, and other necessary creditors, and Sam Sing lost his place and his pay. Thereupon by swift reasoning he converted the four dollars from a settlement with Wing Lee into part payment on his own claim.

All this would have been well but that Ah Wah was witness to the receipt of the four dollars, and so reported. Whereupon Wing Lee ceased to smoke the long pipe, and, being recovered from his sickness, sought Sam Sing to demand his money. Then the quarrel began.

"That money is mine," said Sam Sing. "I work ten days. I get nothing else. She paid me that four dollars. That belongs to me."

"She paid you for me," was Wing Lee's

hot rejoinder. "Two days I work. I earn four dollars. You give me my money."

"Ten days I work. I lose eight days' pay. You get your money when I get my money," growled Sam Sing.

Whereupon Wing Lee put his hand beneath his blouse, and was at once seized by the white policeman who had come at the sound of quarrel, for all this took place on the street, and Wing Lee was taken in the patrol wagon, and jeered at by the street urchins and brought before Judge Campbell, and fined five dollars for carrying concealed weapons. Therefore Wing Lee was filled with bitterness of spirit, and swore vengeance.

Now Wing Lee was a member of the Ong Sack Tong, and the Ong Sack Tong belonged to the See Yups. But Sam Sing was a Sam Yup man, and therefore under the protection of the Chinese Consul. And as there was ill-blood between the See Yups and the Sam Yups, Wing Lee found many listeners for his tale of grief.

To lose four dollars is bad enough; but to be taken in the patrol wagon and kept for a night in jail, and fined five dollars by Judge Campbell, is much worse. The Ong Sack Tong sympathized to a man with Wing Lee, and brought the sad case hotly and with strong words to the notice of the See Yup directory. Now the See Yups were seeking cause of complaint against a Sam Yup man, for it was near time for the hot blood of the Tongs to reach the fighting point once more. Grounds of quarrel are never lacking to those who seek them, but the Joss prefers to favor the man with the just cause, especially if he be large and well armed. Therefore the See Yups hailed the complaint of Wing Lee as the gift of heaven, and straightway made demand on the Sam Yups for nine dollars with interest and damages to the sum of eighteen dollars and sixty cents.

The Sam Yups were haughty in their refusal to settle the account. They offered four reasons for declining to pay: First, that the four dollars belonged of right to Sam Sing; second, that Ah Wah, who swore to the payment was a See Yup man, and not

to be believed even though he burned the red prayers and slew the chicken; third, that the See Yups had no business to act as collectors for the money even if it was owed; and, fourth, that the Sam Yups could not be held for it in any event. Then, as a parting insult, the reply suggested that if Wing Lee thought the money was owing him he could sue Sam Sing for it in the white devils' court and see what he got.

The See Yups sat up all night to discuss this reply, and there was much noise. In the morning a placard mysteriously appeared, nailed to the very door-post of the Sam Yup headquarters, offering \$500 and expenses to the man who should slay Sam Sing.

The placard was torn down by the first Sam Yup man who came along, but the news flew through Chinatown on the wings of rumor. And Sam Sing, having heard of it before breakfast, turned a ghastly greenish-yellow in the face, and in his turn also became sick, and took to his bunk with a shirt of chain armor to keep him warm, and two friends with four navy six-shooters to save him from loneliness. Sam Sing was a high-binder himself on occasion, and knew the temptations that lay in a \$500 offer for his blood. The next day Sam Sing's friends bought him a ticket for Portland, and Sam Sing himself was smuggled into the steamer and was gone. And at one hour after midnight, Hop Toy, who had the bad luck to look like Sam Sing in the dark, was shot to death in Cum Cook Alley, and the war had begun.

Now, Hop Toy was also a man of the Sam Yups, and though he was but a tailor, his taking off was not received in good part. It was understood to be a mistake, but no apology came from the See Yups. Therefore there was an all-day meeting of the Sam Yups, and much hot talk, and a big funeral was arranged for Hop Toy that the Tongs might show how deeply the injury was resented. The hot-headed young men of the Sam Yups were parading the streets with their hands beneath their blouses, muttering insults against the See Yups, and looking for members of the Ong Sack Tong in general, and for Wing Lee in particular. Therefore, there was a boom in the gun-store trade and cutlery was in demand.

Then the police of the white devils swooped down on Chinatown, and closed the headquarters of the Sam Yups and the See Yups with much smashing of furniture and breaking of altars and emblems of the Joss, as a hint that peace and good order

were desired. Then they set two blue-coated men with big riot clubs to guard each block and waited for developments. On this the hot-headed young men of the Tongs retired to cover, for it is hard to find glory or revenge in getting arrested for vagrancy, and being taken to the police station in a patrol wagon, and having your revolver confiscated, to say nothing of the chances of ninety days in the county jail. Therefore the streets became more peaceful, and the hot blood boiled more fiercely in darkened rooms.

The See Yups were in hardly a more tranquil state of mind than the Sam Yups. In the first place, it is annoying to be mistaken and kill Hop Toy when you are after Sam Sing. That was but a trifle, however, for Hop Toy was also a Sam Yup man and therefore evil. Moreover, it was Hop Toy's fault for looking like Sam Sing, and, anyhow, the See Yups were one man ahead in the war. But the white devils' police had arrested Ong Wo and Sam Lee for the shooting, and by evil chance it was Ong Wo and Sam Lee who had given the happy dispatch to Hop Toy. And as Ong Wo and Sam Lee had been taken in a factory on Washington Street while engaged in the innocent pursuit of rolling cigars for the solace of white devils, there was dark suspicion of treachery. Hence there was much discussion among the See Yups as to a matter of book-keeping and the state of the debits and credits in the feud. They had killed one man of the Sam Yups, and to that extent were ahead. But suppose that the white devils were to hang Ong Wo and Sam Lee? They would then have lost two men for one, and these men would have to be charged to the account of the Sam Yups. Putting the best face on it, there were certainly two men in jail, and though the white lawyer who took the money of the Tongs and knew the mysteries of the white devils' justice, said they could not be kept there, it was beyond dispute that they were behind the bars, and the white devils' policeman laughed and made pantomime as of a man hanged by the neck when it was demanded that they be let go. Therefore, there was argument among the See Yups as to their position, and a disposition among the hot heads to hold that another Sam Yup man ought to be gathered to his fathers to even up the score, on the chance that the white devils would hang Ong Wo and Sam Lee.

Among the Sam Yups there were no doubts. A Sam Yup man had been killed,

and there was a score of blood to be settled with the See Yups. What the white devils might do was no affair of the Sam Yups. The gods alone could take into reckoning the incomprehensible ways of the white devils who knew no difference between lies and truth, and permitted men to stand up for hire, even before the judge, for the end of expounding falsehood in behalf of crime. Therefore a See Yup man must pay the score with his blood. Therefore there was hot debate among the Sam Yups regarding which of the enemy should be taken as compensation. Therefore it was determined that Wing Lee, as the cause of all the troubles, was the fittest man to pay the debt, and for his blood the Bo Sip Sear was instructed to offer \$500. Likewise was it determined that in default of Wing Lee, any other available See Yup man would be accepted, and finally that if the president of the See Yups was secured as a substitute, the reward would be increased to \$2,000.

Thereupon Quong Chang, who was president of the See Yups, hired six white devils at the expense of the See Yup treasury for the pleasure of company when he moved abroad, and the assurance of pleasant dreams when he stayed at home, and he put them in command of a long-mustached man who had come from Arizona with the reassuring title of "Fitzey the Gun." Then he went about his business with a composed mind and professed resignation to the will of the Fates.

But Wing Lee, being a poor man, and having no treasury on which to draw for the payment of white devils, appeared before Quong Chang, the president of the See Yups, with a request:

"Most illustrious president, my name is on the book of the Sam Yups, and the Bo Sip Sear will pay \$500 to the man who slays me. I have no money, and my Tong is poor. Therefore I have no guards. So I pray the most powerful See Yup Association, to which I have ever paid my dues, that it provide me with a white devil to walk by my side, so that no man of the Sam Yups will dare to shoot at me."

"Excellent Wing Lee," replied the president of the See Yups, "your request is but reasonable. Yet look again at the offer of the Bo Sip Sear. Here is a copy that has come to me. Observe that the \$500 is to be given not alone for your most admired self. The blood of any man of our association is called for, and the \$500 will be paid for it. My discerning Wing Lee, a man of your

acute understanding will see that it is beyond the resources of the See Yup treasury to furnish a white devil to guard each member of the association, for you well know that they are many thousands in number. Likewise will you know that we could not give to one See Yup man what we could not give to all for it would make just complaint."

"Yet your illustrious self——" began Wing Lee, with a glance at "Fitzey the Gun."

"Honest Wing Lee," said Quong Chang, lightly, "there is a difference. I, unworthy as I am, represent the great See Yup Association. It would be a reproach to the society and a discredit to the position were its president to be killed. Besides, you will observe that the reward is four times as great for my blood as for another's. Consequently, by the laws of mathematics, as your learning would tell you had you devoted your talents to that science, the inducement to kill me is sixteen times as great. I care not for myself. When death comes it will come. I can meet it but once, and I will meet it with a placid mind. But for the association I care. Therefore have I accepted the body-guard of the white devils."

"You speak most wisely and profoundly," said Wing Lee, with an attempt to smile, as he clasped his hands and bowed his leave.

"You shall be avenged if you fall," Quong Chang called after him, "and your bones shall lie with your ancestors."

Wing Lee went out with a sinking in the place where his dinner ought to have been. When he had gone three hundred paces and was turning from Washington Street into Spofford Alley two shots flashed out of the wicket above the door of the left-hand house around the corner, and Wing Lee fell to the pavement with a howl of pain and a superfluous ounce of lead in him.

At the sound of the shots seven policemen came running from three directions, but before they could reach Wing Lee the alley swarmed with Chinese, and the air was confused with their high, sing-song voices as they cried for the information of all good See Yups that Wing Lee of the Ong Sack Tong was shot to death by Sam Yup men, and the time for battle had come. The policemen clubbed their way recklessly through the chattering crowd, and the "plunk" of a blow on the head of a coolie, followed by a howl of astonished rage from the owner thereof, that accompanied each step of their progress, did not at the moment tend to peace and quietness.

Two of the policemen gave their attention to smashing in the door of the house from whence the shots had come, and two looked after Wing Lee, and the others beat back the jabbering crowd.

"Clear out, now! Get home, John! Move off! Ye're not wanted here!" they shouted, flourishing their clubs.

"Kill the Sam Yups!" rose the cry from the struggling mob. "Wing Lee of the See Yups is shot."

The alley filled each moment with more excited brown men who came running with hands under blouses, and their high, nasal cries added each instant to the tumult.

"Kill the Sam Yups! Kill the Sam Yups!" rose the cries ever louder.

But no Sam Yup man was in sight, and none were so obliging as to come at the challenge. So far from seeking the crown of martyrdom, the Sam Yup men in Spofford Alley had shut and barred their doors and windows at the sound of shots, and now awaited in grim silence the next event of battle as they listened to the rising roar of the mob without, and heard its amiable intention to make a vacancy in the part of the earth that they cumbered.

But now more police of the white devils came on the run, and their clubs were large and heavy. So when a shouting See Yup man found one policeman to hit him over the head, and a second policeman to seize him and take his knife and revolver away, and a third to haul him by the pigtail to the corner and give him a kick on the tail of the blouse that sent him flying down Washington Street, he became a man of peace and ceased to cry for the blood of the Sam Yups. Those who were inspired by *sam-shu* to make show of fight were struck once more upon the crown till they had other things to think of than the evil of the Sam Yups, and were thrown into the patrol wagon to rub the sore spots and mutter bad words in broken English; for it is ever true that no tongue has so rich resource for the man who is angered and in distress as the tongue of the white devils of America.

So in ten minutes there were many See Yups limping down Washington Street with no more thoughts of war, and one dozen of their bravest fighting men groaned and said the white devils' swear words in the patrol wagon, and the crowd in Spofford Alley melted away with muttered threats of vengeance postponed.

Then Wing Lee was taken to the Receiving Hospital, not being dead, where it was

found that there was one bullet through his left shoulder, and a beautiful red mark along the top of his skull, where the other had plowed a furrow in the skin, by which it was known that if Wing Lee had been one inch taller he would have been a dead man. But as it fared, he was very much alive, and when the surgeon had dressed his wounds and told him that he would be out in two or three weeks he lay back on the cot and speculated on the respective advantages of the Fresno raisin fields and the new gold camp in Arizona as a place of emigration.

Five Sam Yups were arrested for the shooting of Wing Lee, for a warning to the evil disposed. But as the trouble in breaking down the door from which the shots had come, and the riot of the See Yups, had delayed the police for fifteen minutes, the only evidence against the men was the fact that they were found in the house. The sole statement to be got from the occupants of the place was "No sabby!" and the five men were taken in default of better; and the next day it became known to the See Yups that the assailants had escaped and taken ship for Honolulu.

But the Sam Yups were wroth that Wing Lee had not given up his life, and the See Yups were hot with anger that their man had been wounded, and Chinatown was electric with the spirit of coming murder.

Then it was that the chief of police and the mayor and the Chinese Consul held conference, and it was decided that on the morrow three hundred policemen should go through the district on a mission of disarmament, and that all knives and pistols and other implements of war should be carted to the City Hall and put in charge of the property clerk till the hot blood grew cool. It was agreed that there would be no more peace until the Tonges were broken up, and the hatchet-men were driven out of the city.

Now, a secret with three to share it is no secret; hence it was that it came to the ears of the Sam Yup directory that the raid was to be made.

But Quong Chang, the president of the See Yups, heard nothing, and with two of his guards went at night to the barber shop of Wong Kee, which is on Jackson Street, that his head might be shaved and his ears cleaned and his queue plaited. For even though war rages the hair will grow, and it is fitting to have regard to appearances. Therefore, though Wing Lee lay shot, and many a See Yup man nursed a sore head,

Quong Chang followed his custom and sought his favorite shop.

As he passed through the door, Wong Kee advanced and made reverence to the president of the See Yups.

"Illustrious Quong Chang," he said, "we were but waiting for you. It is now nine o'clock, but we could not close till you had come."

Quong Chang bowed, and then, bethinking himself, turned to one of his guards.

"I forgot," he said. "Miste' Josslyn—you know Miste' Josslyn? He tell me send fo' my money to-night. You go to Miste' Josslyn, get two hund'ed dolla'. Take it to my place."

The guard went out, and Quong Chang seated himself in the chair.

"It is good, Wong Kee, to feel the hand of so skilful a manipulator upon one's head."

Wong Kee smiled at a compliment from so great a man, but paused his ministrations as a Chinese rushed in from the street.

"Oh, Quong Chang, illustrious president!" gasped the newcomer. "Chin Poy is arrested by the white devils and is now carried to prison."

Quong Chang said many of the English swear words.

"Chin Poy, the head of the Bo Kee Tong? We cannot spare him."

"He is indeed our right arm," said the other.

Quong Chang considered a minute. Then he turned to the remaining guard:

"You take this man to Miste' Mosey—you know Miste' Mosey, my lawye'? You tell him Chin Poy gone to jail, and he have to get him out. I give plenty bail."

"But," objected the guard, "what's to become of you? Fitzey says we're to stick close to you. Now Tom's gone, and when I'm away what's to happen?"

"Oh, nothing happen," said Quong Chang, carelessly. "I wait here till you come back."

The guard went out with the Chinese, grumbling in his beard, and Quong Chang bent his head to the ministering hand of Wong Kee.

For a few minutes there was only the sound of the scraping razor, when on a sudden the door was flung open, and two dark faces were outlined against the outer lights. Wong Kee paused with uplifted razor and turned his head, but Quong Chang was busy with his thoughts and did not move. Then there was a deafening sound of a shot, and

smoke filled the room. Wong Kee gave a leap and a howl, and tried to hide himself in a corner. Quong Chang half rose, but one of the men advanced and fired two more shots at his head, and Quong Chang struggled, turned, and rolled to the floor. The second Chinese fired a shot at his prostrate body. Then both assassins ran down Jackson Street and were gone, while Wong Kee prayed to all the gods he could call to mind.

Then there was a surge of men into the shop, and the street was filled with crowds of excited people running from all directions, and the policemen of the white devils took possession in numbers and hustled Wong Kee about, and confused him with many questions. But Quong Chang lay on the floor and ceased to breathe, and the blood stain under him slowly widened.

"He's deader than Saint Patrick," said the head man of the white devils' police. And the doctor who came agreed that Quong Chang was quite as dead as he ever would be.

"Fitzey the Gun" came on the run at the rumors of shooting, and wept with rage.

"I laid me down for a nap, and this is what comes of it," he said. "He was a headstrong divil but good pay, an' now he's murdered, an' I wasn't in at the rumpus. I'm likin' to blow the whole bilin' of yellow divils to glory." And Fitzey drew his revolver with a cheerful disregard of the circumstance that no Chinese but See Yups were present, and was promptly arrested and disarmed, and told to calm himself in the patrol wagon; which was accomplished by the efforts of three policemen.

There were many mutterings and much anger in the crowd that blocked Jackson Street, and wild words were heard against the Sam Yups as Quong Chang's body was borne to the morgue. But many policemen coming up, and the crowd being told to "move on," and knowing by experience that clubs are harder than heads, melted away into the by-streets.

Then there was hot skurrying to cover, for the word flew through the quarter that the chief of police had given orders for the search of every Chinese who walked the streets and the seizure of all arms that might be found, and the desecration of all Tong houses. Therefore there was haste to conceal knives and revolvers and hatchets, and to save what might be removed from the offices of the Tongs.

It was a thrilling night in Chinatown. There was sound of stern words, and of



breaking doors and smashing furniture, as the squads of the police of the white devils marched from Tong house to Tong house carrying out the orders to drive the high-binders from their quarters. On every corner stood two policemen with riot clubs and no Chinaman passed without a search, and there were many harsh words, for it is galling to the spirit to see your best revolver go into the hands of the white devils without compensation. The lights from gas lamps and arc lamps flickered on scattering lines of blue-bloused little brown men hurrying through the streets as though they would not be seen, and excited groups filled the stores, and discussed affairs with anxious glances at the doors as they talked, and it was hours after the accustomed time before Chinatown was abed. And over all could be heard the din and wailing and clashing of the death music from the house of Quong Chang, where his widow mourned for the slain.

It was known as the Long Blockade, and the police were well worn by the time it was thought safe to relax its strictness. But when Wing Lee was discharged from the hospital with a sore shoulder and a heart set upon peace, there had been neither murder nor shooting among his countrymen.

As Wing Lee walked down Market Street, revolving plans for raising money, he met face to face with the landlady of the late Beau Brummell.

"You Wing Lee?" she asked, halting him.

"Yes, all same Wing Lee," he admitted.

"I guess I pay you that four dollars," said the landlady. "You like come back work for me? I get another house."

Wing Lee's jaw dropped.

"You not pay Sam Sing that fo' dolla'?" he inquired, appalled at the memory of complications.

"Ah Wah tell me Sam Sing keep it. Didn't he?" said the landlady, hesitating.

"Oh, yes," said Wing Lee, sadly. "He all time keep it, all same laise hell."

The landlady gave a gasp of surprise at Wing Lee's pointed description of the late events in Chinatown. Then she paid the money.

"I thought so," she said. "You come work to-morrow."

"All lite, to-morrow," said Wing Lee, and having received his directions, betook himself to the headquarters of the Ong Sack Tong, wondering how best to explain this latest complication.

The headquarters of the Ong Sack Tong being found, after much search, in a cellar, Wing Lee set forth the case to the remnant of the society.

The remnant of the society, being in a most humble and peaceful state of mind, for the war-like men of the Tong had sought Los Angeles and Portland and Victoria for the sake of their own good health and the pleasure of the police, it was decided that there had been a mistake and that full satisfaction was now rendered. Hence the complaint of the Ong Sack Tong before the See Yup Association was withdrawn.

The new president of the See Yups considered the matter gravely when the Ong Sack Tong brought notification that the debt was settled.

"If there is no complaint there is no cause of quarrel, and we need not put our fighting men in danger. I shall declare our satisfaction to the Sam Yups."

The treaty of peace between the See Yups and the Sam Yups was made that night, for both sides were weary, and the police were strict, and the fighting men were absent.

The war was ended and the chief of police slept once more. For now began the Six Months Peace.





Fifteen Stripes for Stealing Five Dollars.

## DELAWARE'S BLUE LAWS

By THEODORE DREISER

THE casual visitor to Wilmington or Dover, in Delaware, or to Georgetown, in the southern part of the state, will occasionally encounter a public exhibition of legal punishment which is unparalleled for curiosity and historic interest, and remains unmatched by any other form of punishment now administered within the union. In each of these three places are to be seen a pillory and a whipping post, such as were common in England during the eighteenth century, and flourished in the colonies up to the beginning of the present union. It is a form of punishment so interesting in its historic aspect, that every school child is familiar with it. The staples in which the wrists are fastened, when the lash is to be applied; the perforated cross-beam, through which the hands are thrust, when public exposure is ordained—these are here as in the days when old John Winthrop ruled in Massachusetts, and Cotton Mather expounded the virtue of severity in dealing with human error.

When court is holding in either of these three places—a legal process which occurs on an average four times a year—the general public is treated to a sight that seems not only to excite but wholly to satisfy the curiosity of those who love the brutal in the punishment of crime. At New Castle, which is the suburb of Wilmington, in which the

northernmost pillory of the state is located, I saw a crowd of at least two hundred gathered to witness the lashing and pillorying of men who had been convicted of offenses covered by these penalties. The spectators gaped with wide-eyed interest, winced unanimously at each separate lash, smiled sometimes at the contortions of the victim, and laughed when his grimaces in torture seemed ludicrous. As each victim was led forth, his face was studied with careful interest. With each detail of fastening him safely to the post his crime was discussed. Usually he was condemned for his action, and many a "serves him right" was exchanged. When it was seen that the criminal was not physically incapacitated by the stripes received he was thought to be well off and deserving of no further care. Of the mental scars, stretching red across the sensibilities and finer feelings, the spectators took no thought. Of the influence which the contemplation of such a spectacle must have upon their own minds—not a thought.

Go into Delaware to-day and you will be invited by the barber, the waiter, and the hotel clerk, to witness this very antiquated form of punishment. By the very first servant that attended me I was so advised.

"They is to be a whipping at New Castle to-day, suh," said this colored citizen.

"A what?"

"A whipping, suh. We has the pillory and whipping post in this state."

"How often do they use it?" I asked.

"Every Friday, suh, when cote's in session."

"Then court's in session now?"

"Yes, suh."

I saw this same servant after witnessing

moral thought and discussion. This is not true. Delaware is to-day what it always has been, the state of blue laws. It is the only one of the original thirteen, which retains largely intact the original code as formulated by the lawgivers a hundred years ago. Where Connecticut, Massachusetts and Rhode Island have allowed old stringencies

of this character to become obsolete, Delaware still preserves them. It punishes as offenses against religion, morality, decency and justice many deeds ignored elsewhere.

We read that: "If any person shall perform any worldly employment, labor or business on the Sabbath day (works of necessity and charity excepted) he shall be fined four dollars; and on failure to pay such fine and costs shall be imprisoned for not exceeding twenty-four hours."

"If any person shall be guilty of fishing, fowling, horse-racing, cock-fighting or hunting game on the Sabbath day, he shall be fined four dollars,

and on failure to pay such fine and costs shall be imprisoned as aforesaid."

"If any number of persons shall assemble to game, play or dance on the Sabbath day, and shall engage or assist in such game, play or dance, every such person shall be fined four dollars, and on failure to pay such fine and costs shall be imprisoned as aforesaid."

Under the section relating to offenses against public policy it is enacted that: "If any person shall pretend to exercise the art of witchcraft, conjuration, fortunetelling or dealing with spirits, he shall be fined not exceeding one hundred dollars and shall stand an hour in the pillory," to which is added the power to imprison for not exceeding one year. Such statements must certainly sound antiquated to the residents of every other state; but Delaware is peculiar in its old-fashioned attitude. It was only in 1893, that the law relating to the Badge of Crime was wiped off the books—a law which had its counterpart in the famous Massachusetts act, on which the romance of "The Scarlet Letter" was founded. This badge was none other than a striped jacket



Trial Court at Chester, Where Pillory and Whipping Post Penalties are Administered for Northern Delaware.

the scene in question and inquired what he thought of it.

"I don't think so very much of it, suh," he replied.

"Don't you think it stops these people from doing the same thing over again?"

"No, suh, not any mo' than jail would. They is men here that has been whipped an' whipped until they is so hard they don't care no more foh it than foh a flea. It juss makes 'em wuss, I think."

Many others of more refined feelings expressed the same opinion, though in different terms. A judge in Dover said that he had his doubts on the subject, and the active head of a charitable institution at Wilmington expressed the belief that this mode of punishment was very far from solving the criminal problem, and added:

"Its strength with the people is due to the fact that it has always been here. Being customary they see virtues in it which do not exist. Increasing liberality will do away with it yet."

There is an opinion that this form of punishment is something new in Delaware, and that it has been revived because of modern

which the ex-convict was compelled to wear anywhere from one month to three years after his discharge from prison. Contrast this with the law in England where an ex-convict can recover damages from any person who publishes or otherwise publicly refers to his offense, once he has served his penalty, and you have a measure of the progress of the world in its attitude toward men and offenses—for England once enjoyed the jacket and the pillory—only some time before Delaware adopted it.

It is not strange, however, to find in the code containing these things provision for the pillory and the whipping-post. Burglary, arson, attempted rape and larceny are the crimes punishable by lashes, while forgery, perjury and many smaller offenses call for the public use of the pillory. On the first blush, this seems reasonable enough, seeing that burglary, arson and attempted rape are such heinous offenses; but in the execution of this law a result very different from that naturally suggested is worked out. The cases of large burglary, the cases of house firing or of attempted rape are exceedingly rare. It has been admitted by the Chief of Police of Wilmington, the leading criminal officer of the state, that there has never been but one attempt at bank burglary within the state, and that one proved unsuccessful. The court records, covering the entire state for three years past show not one case of arson or of attempted rape. Hence the burden of the law falls upon creatures committing petty larceny, and this may be readily proved to be true.

At Dover, the capital of the state, as well as the county seat of Kent County, the list of criminals convicted and punished in that county is complete and readily accessible. This discloses that dozens of men have been

punished with periods of imprisonment and lashes not exceeding forty-five for stealing or attempting to steal sums of money ranging anywhere from two to fifty dollars. Thus, on October 27, 1897, one Albert Gibbs was convicted of stealing two dollars and was sentenced to six months' imprisonment, given fifteen lashes and ordered to restore the stolen money before entering the world again. At the same time George Dennis received exactly the same imprisonment for



New Stocks and Whipping Post at Chester.  
Convicts being privately punished by prison authorities for disobedience.

stealing thirty dollars. A petty burglar, who stole seven dollars from a store at night, received two years in prison, twenty lashes at the whipping post, and one hour in the pillory. Also, he was compelled to return the money and pay all costs.

For the next year a very similar list is seen. Criminals stealing one, five and seven

dollars were all whipped with many lashes, and some were exposed in the pillory. For the current year the record is quite the same, and yet the whipping post is kept busy and a certain public is entertained. If an important crime should be committed, no greater punishment could be administered, for the lashes are limited to forty-five and the pillory to a few hours.

There seems to be no public conception of this incongruity, although the stranger is quickly astonished by it. Any one convicted of one of these offenses, in petty or great degree, and either publicly pilloried or whipped is forever disfranchised and can no longer exercise the privileges of a citizen. Thus a youth caught in some early and thoughtless offense is permanently ruined in reputation and practically driven from the state. It is generally declared by those in authority throughout the state that the law is justifiable because it reaches and controls the negro.

"Ninety per cent. of the cases so disposed of," said the sheriff of one county, "are those involving negroes. It is the only way we have of reaching them."

Upon examination, this statement turned out to be only partially true, for negroes form less than seventy per cent. of the total number of cases so punished. There had been several instances in which white men, standing fairly well in the community, have been caught in the toils of the law, and finding themselves doomed to be whipped, have offered all their possessions, together with a promise to leave the state, if they could but be saved this wretched indignity. When ignored, they seem to have considered their life blasted and have departed never to return. Such men have paid a thousand times the penalty primarily supposed to exist in fifteen or forty public lashes. The case-hardened negro, or habitual criminal of any color, knows no such torment, and, comparatively, may be said to have received no punishment at all. It is the man with conscience and feeling upon whom this relic of an older order of civilization weighs unjustly. The hardened criminal whom it is supposed to reach does not suffer at all, and is not corrected thereby.

The whole penal system of the state is in a more or less chaotic condition, however, and this, as well as the pillory and whipping post, may be attributed to lack of public thought or study along corrective and charitable lines. The state jails have the qualities of old-time colony prisons. There is no peni-

tentiary. There is no system of prison labor. There is no reform school. For important crimes the county jail at New Castle is selected because it is the largest and much the strongest; for the most trivial offenses the same prison is made to serve. Prisoners with ten-day sentences are mixed with those awaiting execution and those who have a life-time to serve. Young and old, boys and gray-haired men, negroes and white, all are jumbled together, and the discrimination made is one which lacks import. It is that the short-term prisoners are allowed to do the small labor, such as cleaning, cooking, coal-carrying, rock-beating and the like in the open court or jail-yard, where stands the pillory, while the long-term convicts are not allowed to do anything at all. This is considered a fairly satisfactory arrangement, although a more modern work-house is sometimes talked of.

There are numerous arguments advanced for the maintenance of the present system, among which may be included that of the Chief of Police of Wilmington, Delaware's largest city, who holds that it reduces crime in the state to a minimum. "In the only bank burglary ever attempted," he says, "the men were punished with ten years' imprisonment, forty lashes, one hour in the pillory and a fine of five thousand dollars each. The term of imprisonment for which these robbers were sentenced did not trouble them in the least; but that portion of the sentence subjecting them to post and pillory struck them with horror, so much so that they offered twenty-five thousand dollars to have it remitted. But they had to submit and take the punishment. Afterwards they made their escape by breaking jail, and have since given the state wide berth.

"Instead of giving a prisoner convicted of larceny two, three or six years' imprisonment, as is done in other states, and keeping him at the public expense, we give him not less than five and no more than forty lashes, grading the punishment. We turn him loose at the expiration of his term, and the occurrence is rare indeed that he comes under the lash the second time. He either gives up his crime or else leaves the state.

"Long terms of imprisonment as punishment do not, to my mind, lessen crime or tend to reform the criminal when corporal punishment is not included in his sentence. The fear of serving time has no terrors for him, as the chances for escape are always considered favorable, or, at least, possible. But when he knows that corporal punish-

ment is sure to come immediately after conviction from which there is no escape, he will hesitate before committing a crime or seek some other locality in which to do his work.

"As a matter of economy, an important feature of the subject under consideration, the whipping post and pillory have saved

have never been able to have it eliminated from our statutes.

"Sentimentality will never prevent crime, whatever it may do to foster it; nothing but drastic treatment, such as fits the crime, will have the desired effect. For the crimes that I have mentioned nothing is better than that we administer, and which, by long ex-



For Perjury, One Hour in the Pillory in Dover Jail-yard.

our state large sums of money by deterring criminals of other states from visiting us.

"Situated as we are between two large cities, Philadelphia and Baltimore, twenty-eight and seventy-two miles distant respectively, and within three hours of New York City, we would be an easy prey for the criminal classes of those cities were it not for this particular institution, for which they all have a most wholesome dread. In fact, thieves passing through our state, although having committed no crime within our borders, are in terror until beyond our boundaries, the very atmosphere being unpleasant and uncongenial to them.

"I am well aware that this method of dealing with criminals is not in good odor with the citizens of other states. We are called barbarous, inhuman, benighted, and are almost ruled out of the pale of civilization on account of it. Within our own state we have the opposition of a few sentimentalists who pose as humanitarians, but they

perience, we have learned is the only means whereby we can protect ourselves from the criminal classes—that is, the whipping post and the pillory."

To this opinion so honestly given might well be appended another, that of the jailer at New Castle, whose unwholesome duty it is to inflict the lashes.

Inspecting his realm one morning, I asked him directly:

"What do you think of whipping as a remedy for crime?"

"I think it is all wrong," he answered.

"Why?"

"Because it degrades the man that does the whipping, and if it degrades him, I know it must have much the same effect upon those who see it."

"Who does the whipping here?" I inquired.

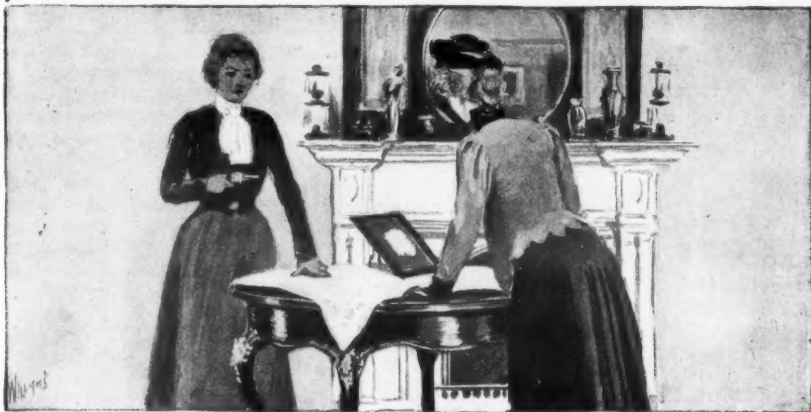
"I do," he replied, and therewith resolutely stared me into the firm belief that here was one man, who, unfortunately circumstanced, nevertheless had convictions and dared to express them.



# The Adventures of Nicholas Carter

## by Charles Westbrook

### IV. THE FINANCIER'S MEMORANDUM



"The paper was under a glass plate, and the woman held a revolver in her hand while I read."

THE card bore a name that is known around the world. For the purposes of this narrative, let it be "Miss Gladys Flint."

The young lady was the second daughter of George Flint, then recently deceased. In the eye of the public she represented the family, for her two brothers were not yet of age, and her elder sister had long been an invalid. It was Gladys who exercised the effective control of the great wealth which her father had accumulated in the course of a career popularly supposed to have been unscrupulous and predatory to a degree that bordered on the fabulous.

With the card in his hand, Mr. Carter went down to the reception-room where his client was waiting. As he approached the door, he had a glimpse of her, in a mirror which has sometimes given important warning. She sat in a rigid attitude, slightly inclined forward, and with her head raised. Obviously, she was rehearsing what she would say to him. Her face was not visible, but her hands, even though they were gloved, clearly expressed resentment and a strong determination.

Miss Flint was simply dressed in black, and had been heavily veiled up to the moment of Carter's entrance. As she raised

the veil, he beheld a face possessing little beauty, but the most engaging sweetness, strengthened by intelligence and purpose. She had gray eyes of a very sympathetic quality, and abundant brown hair of remarkable fineness and lustre.

"Mr. Carter," she said, with much embarrassment, "it will seem strange to you that I have come unattended, and—one might almost say in disguise——"

"My only fear is that you may not have come unattended," said he, with a smile. "In an affair of this kind, you are nearly sure to have been watched. And yet I think your plan was well considered."

"My plan?" she exclaimed. "Why, what can you know——"

There was a pretty little sable muff on the table, and a very small parcel protruded from it.

"You have just made a purchase in a store," he said, "and I infer that you went there in your own carriage, which may be still waiting; but you escaped by another door, in a manner as inconspicuous as possible, and hired the first cab that you could find. I think you probably succeeded in eluding observation."

Gladys stared at him in mute wonder; but the really serious tension of her mind was



much relieved by this bit of by-play, as Carter's experience taught him that it would be.

"It will be a great pleasure for me to serve you," he said. "I knew your father, in connection with an affair in which his conduct was such that I shall never forget it. He acted most honorably."

Mr. Carter did not say that it had required three months of the hardest work he ever did in all his life to make Mr. Flint behave in that manner, though such was the fact.

"I am glad to hear you speak so," she said, with head erect and shining eyes. "My father was a man who made many enemies, but he was the soul of honor. His good name is my best inheritance, and I shall defend it. An attempt is now being made to revive an old and baseless accusation, relating to the reorganization of the railroad system known as the Triangle."

The mention of this name in such circumstances was pathetically funny, for it was in connection with that most scandalous affair that Carter had had his silent, secret, and bitter struggle with Flint. It was that to which he had referred a moment before.

The Triangle affair is too well known to need review. The main point in the case, on the detective's side, had been a small sheet of paper from a memorandum pad, on which appeared in Flint's own hand a written outline of his abominable scheme for stealing the railroad. The writing of it was probably the only—and surely the last—indiscretion of that kind which the financier had ever committed. Carter's possession of this scrap of evidence had forced Flint to behave in that most honorable manner already mentioned. The memorandum had then been returned to the maker of it.

"There is a woman known as Julie Bertrand," said Miss Flint.

"A singer, is she not?"

"A vaudeville performer. She is the daughter of a Frenchwoman who was my mother's maid, and was discharged, as I remember, about the time of my father's connection with the Triangle Railroad. In our household she was known by the name of Bazin. What became of her I do not know, except that the person now calling herself Bertrand tells me that her mother died a few days after leaving our house."

"According to the story of Miss Bertrand, Mme. Bazin was in my mother's sitting-room one day when my father came in hastily and attempted to burn a paper in the grate. It fluttered to the floor; the maid picked it up,

and pretended to put it into the fire, but really substituted another paper. My father was deceived at the moment, but afterwards became suspicious. He had my mother discharge Mme. Bazin."

"To see whether she really had the document," said Carter. "In such a case she would have tried to use it at the time or shortly afterwards."

"That was what Miss Bertrand said," responded Gladys. "But, by her account, her mother's sudden and fatal illness prevented any such action. Miss Bertrand had no knowledge of its existence, but she remembers that her mother tried, shortly before she died, to tell her something about a paper worth a million dollars. The girl supposed the scarcely intelligible words to be inspired by delirium. Recently she has found the paper. She showed me where she found it, in an old jewel box with a double bottom. She let me read the paper. It was under a glass plate, and the woman held a revolver in her hand while I read."

"It seemed to be a hasty memorandum in my father's writing, and it begins, 'Norris long of Triangle. Twenty point drop will ruin him.' I can't remember the remainder. After reading it, I looked up some old newspapers, and found that my father was accused of ruining a man named Norris who subsequently committed suicide. You and I know that my father was in no way responsible——"

She looked into Carter's eyes, and a shudder went through the inmost parts of him.

"He expressed the deepest sympathy," Gladys continued. "In reality, he had tried hard to make the stock go up, which would have saved Mr. Norris. He provided liberally for the widow and children."

"That is quite true," said Carter, gravely. "I remember the circumstances perfectly."

He might have added that he himself had fixed the amount of the allowance.

"If I had the real record of my father's transactions in this matter," continued Gladys, "I should be able to show how perfectly honorable his conduct was, but I suppose it would be impossible to get any such record."

"Entirely so, at this late day," said the detective. "The best plan will be to obtain this document and destroy it. If your father were here to defend himself, the case would be quite different; but as we cannot know the facts, our proper course is to suppress an attack which can benefit

nobody and must necessarily revive bitter feelings."

"That is my own opinion," she responded, "and I have come to ask you whether there is any way of recovering the document. I will pay any reasonable sum; indeed, when Miss Bertrand demanded \$100.00 I told her at once that she could have it. But when I offered the money, on the following day, she doubled her demand. I practically agreed to the terms, but asked a day's time for consideration. That was yesterday afternoon; and this morning I received a type-written note saying that the woman had decided to hold the paper at her mother's valuation, a million dollars."

The detective perceived that Miss Bertrand had "lost her head;" that the early steps of the negotiation had been made too easy, and that there could be no telling where the demands would stop, or whether any payment would release Gladys from the clutches of the harpy.

"Do not consider paying these people," he said. "It will do no good. Have you attempted to take any action against them?"

"Why, yes," she said; "and I have been very foolish. Yesterday afternoon I bribed Miss Bertrand's maid. It was just after I had seen the document, and I was very much excited. I was leaving the house and the girl came running after me, with my handkerchief. This act of simple honesty affected me, in the midst of so much that was bad. After the girl had given me the handkerchief she hesitated as if sorry for me and yet afraid to say so. It was then that the idea came to me that she might take my part. I hastily offered her money which she accepted with reluctance, because—as she explained to me—she could give so little in return."

"She knew in a vague way what her mistress was doing. She was sure that Miss Bertrand had kept the document in a safe deposit box, and would return it; but she did not know from what company the box was rented. She knew that Miss Bertrand had made arrangements to have fac-similes of the document published in the newspapers in case I reported the matter to the police or engaged a detective. That was about all she could tell. It was arranged that she should come to my house in the evening in case she learned anything more."

"She came," said the detective, with a smile; "and she told you, with tears, that her duplicity had been discovered and she had been discharged. Whereupon you told

her that she might remain under your roof until she could secure another situation, perhaps permanently."

Gladys drew in her breath with a little, strenuous gasp.

"Is it possible," she cried, "that Clarice is a spy?"

"If the sky is blue, and trees still grow with their roots toward the ground," said the detective, "she is. However, I am obliged to her for the information that Miss Bertrand keeps that document in her apartments. If she had kept it anywhere else, Clarice would have said it was there."

"And now, Miss Flint," he continued, "I think you have told me all that is necessary. I am quite sure that I can get that paper for you in a very few days. It would please me to arrest Julie Bertrand, and Clarice, and the male partner in this enterprise—for, of course, there is one—but I know that you don't wish me to do anything of the sort. My sole endeavor will be to get the document. Your part will be to continue negotiations; but do not go to Miss Bertrand's any more. Do not make any written promises or sign your name to anything. Be careful to treat Clarice as if you believed her to be honest; but remember my solemn assurance that she isn't. I will report to you frequently."

This closed the interview, and presently the hired cab rolled away with the heiress to millions inside it. In accordance with a word of advice from the detective, Miss Flint alighted some distance short of the store where she had been shopping. She entered the establishment from a side street and presently emerged upon the avenue where her own carriage was waiting.

Among those who observed Miss Flint's final exit from the store were Detective Carter and a mildly notorious young profligate named Howard Ormiston. Carter had been upon the scene long enough to "spot" Ormiston, whose interest in the Flint equipage was but thinly veiled. When the vehicle began to move, Ormiston followed in a hansom.

Ormiston was the black sheep in a good family. His parents were dead; his brothers had disowned him, and he lived upon an allowance granted him by an uncle who would not speak to him. He had never been accused of a serious offense, nor suspected of a disinclination to commit one for an adequate financial reward.

Having worked down to Ormiston in this simple manner, Carter decided to call upon

Julie Bertrand. He appeared in the character of a theatrical manager in search of what are known as "specialty people," to go abroad with a new musical comedy. Beyond a doubt, Miss Bertrand would be suspicious of every visitor, and for that reason would certainly receive him for the purpose of deciding whether he was a detective.

His card was taken by a colored girl whom he judged to be the cook, promoted temporarily to maid's service because of the vacancy in that department. He was ushered into a parlor, of fair size, but much encumbered with ill-assorted furniture, and there he found Miss Bertrand, a tall girl with a dark, shrewd, eager face. She had the figure of a Parisian, and was somewhat flamboyantly dressed.

The detective observed that she preferred a position near the mouth of a corridor that ran backward through the suite, and that she was listening. The inference was easily drawn; the document was not in that room, and she suspected her visitor of the intent to hold her in conversation there, while some one else should effect a secret entrance and make a search of the other apartments.

She was not anxious, merely curious. Obviously, she had great confidence in the hiding-place which she had chosen.

"Don't you find it chilly here?" she asked, suddenly, in the midst of the first desultory attempt at conversation. "I have a fire in my little sitting-room. Perhaps we would be more comfortable there."

She led the way through the corridor, past her sleeping apartment, and entered what might have been called a boudoir, beyond which was the dining-room. It was a cozy place, much more comfortable than the parlor, but that fact did not wholly account for Miss Bertrand's preference. Observing her manner, the detective would have laid any reasonable wager that the Triangle memorandum was concealed in the boudoir. She felt no uneasiness about it,

but she liked to be in its near neighborhood.

While they conversed about the musical comedy, and Julie pretended that she was really interested in the chance of a good engagement, Carter experimented with her by turning penetrating glances upon the various articles of furniture. She was amused; she congratulated herself upon having recognized Miss Flint's detective at the first interview; but she showed no alarm. So much could be easily read, but it was hard to go further. If the thing had not been there, she would not have shown the same interest; but she was too sure of its security to be trapped into watching the place where it was concealed.

She reclined in an easy-chair, before the cheerful wood fire which she fed with sticks from a convenient basket. Her manner was marked by an exhilaration like one of the early and comparatively inoffensive stages of drunkenness. Visions of wealth danced before her eyes to such an extent that she would sometimes halt in the midst of a

sentence and stare at vacancy with a rapt smile.

In the midst of one of these brief trances, Julie was interrupted by the advent of the colored girl with the information that "de new maid have come." Early in the afternoon the detective had sent one of his assistants to make inquiries at the employment agencies as to whether Julie had applied for a successor to Clarice; but for obvious reasons he had had little expectation that such would prove to be the fact. He was the more pleased, therefore, as he bade Julie good-by in the corridor, to perceive a young woman connected with his staff waiting in the parlor.

For half an hour he kept the house in view, and at the end of that period he departed with the knowledge that, in the matter of maids, the game stood even.

The ease with which this feat had been accomplished was almost ominous, for unless



"A mildly notorious young profligate named Howard Ormiston."



"Observing her manner, the detective would have laid any reasonable wager that the Triangle memorandum was concealed in the boudoir."

Julie had felt absolutely secure, she would not have taken a stranger into her service. Yet this did not so much surprise him, in view of his estimate of his adversary.

She was a conscienceless schemer, with a sharp eye for her own advantage, but not greatly above the average of her class in mental acuteness. She seemed to be under the influence of one glorious idea, so far above her ordinary level that she herself was amazed at it. Carter would have staked his right hand that her method of guarding the Triangle memorandum was an inspiration the like of which she had never had before, and in all human probability would never have again. The problem was the harder on that account, since the ordinary operation of the woman's mind would furnish no guide.

There was one theory of Julie's excessive confidence which required an immediate test. The nature of the case was such that a photographic duplicate of the document

would be almost as good as the thing itself. Therefore, if Julie had a dozen different hiding-places, she might well despise a search, for the seeker could never know when he had come to the end of them, and No. 10 might be reduplicated fifty times while he was finding No. 9.

It was absolutely necessary to determine whether such photographs existed, and with this in mind, the detective got upon the trail of Howard Ormiston. This young man had abandoned his watch upon Miss Flint, and he was not at his rooms, but about seven o'clock the detective found him in the café of a great hotel on the avenue. He seemed to have ordered dinner, and was trying to relieve his anxious mind by reading an evening paper.

Looking about for an acquaintance, Carter was fortunate enough to discover a retired army officer, Captain Wheelock, whom he invited to dine at the table nearest to

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Ormiston's. And thus it happened that the young *roué* overheard a very interesting tale about a compromising document that had yielded four crops of blackmail, because it had been photographed by its nefarious possessor. It pleased Carter to observe that this narrative thrilled Ormiston with excitement.

The conspirator concluded his dinner hastily and left the hotel invisibly attended by Carter, who saw him visit three stores where cameras are sold. They were closed, but a fourth was open, and Ormiston purchased a fine camera, thus satisfactorily proving to Carter that the Flint memorandum had not been photographed.

Early the following morning, Carter received a report from Julie's new maid, who was known to the singer as Bertha. It appeared from Bertha's message that she had made no great progress. She had made one unique discovery, however, which was that Mr. Ormiston himself did not know where the document was.

Julie had stationed the young man in the boudoir, and had commanded him not to leave it until her return. In that room he had searched high and low, but with great care, lest his efforts should leave a trace.

He had been unsuccessful in both matters, for Julie, upon her return, had detected signs of the search, and had accused Ormiston, who had made a weak denial.

Upon this, Julie had banished him to the corridor, and had locked all the doors of the boudoir. Bertha, who had cleverly constructed a peephole from the dining-room, had felt herself to be upon the verge of an important, indeed, a conclusive discovery, for it was a perfect certainty that Julie intended to assure herself of the safety of her treasure.

Unfortunately for the maid, the mistress extinguished all the lights in the boudoir, even going so far as to cover the last dying ember of the fire. What she had done in the darkness was a secret known only to herself, but she seemed to be perfectly satisfied. Mr. Ormiston was presently readmitted, and there was an earnest conference impossible to overhear. At its close, the gentleman departed, and Julie, with the assistance of her new maid, prepared for rest.

She slept like the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus, and Bertha had a free hand in the apartments. It profited her nothing, so far as the Triangle memorandum was concerned, for she utterly failed to find it or to arrive at any notion of the means by which it was

concealed. She spoiled all the plates for the camera, in such a way as would not be noticed until an endeavor should be made to develop them; and that was all she could do to further the designs of her chief.

After digesting this report, the detective went to the house where Miss Bertrand resided, and in the course of the forenoon succeeded in having a half hour's conversation with Bertha. He instructed that young woman minutely in regard to the search which she must make in Julie's boudoir. Bertha was no novice in such matters, but she learned much from this interview. She learned, in fact, how to find a needle in a haystack.

During the day, she had several opportunities for quiet toil in the boudoir, but nothing resulted. Bertha began to believe that the document was a myth, but in the evening Mr. Ormiston called, and Julie got the Triangle memorandum out of the boudoir—in total darkness—and took it to the parlor where the two took snapshots of it with the thing which they supposed to be a photographic apparatus.

Bertha spent the night searching the boudoir for the mysterious document. The walls replied to her inquiries with a blank stare; the fire-place and chimney warmly denied the suggestion that they were accomplices; the furniture, in whole and in detail, established its innocence. She reported to Carter next day, and it must be admitted that he pondered deeply upon the strange combination of simplicity and difficulty which the case presented.

The day brought no important incident. Ormiston discovered that the photographic plates were defective, and he bought some more, which he carried to Julie's apartments in the evening.

After considerable reflection, the detective decided upon a sortie. The photographing was being done in the parlor, and the Triangle memorandum was doubtless tacked on a board. There was an easy way to get in through one of the parlor windows, and the idea was tempting.

His appearance was sudden, and must have been wholly unexpected. Ormiston, who was standing by the camera with his back to the window, screamed like a frightened child. But Julie did not utter a sound. She was in the act of tacking a sheet of paper upon a board that rested against the back of a chair. On another chair beside her was a small lamp, furnishing a light convenient for the needs of flash photography.



At Nick's appearance, Julie struck the chair that held the lamp. It fell to the floor with a crash, and the room was in darkness. Carter heard Julie fleeing through her bedroom toward the boudoir. He followed, colliding with Ormiston and the camera, to the injury of both, and his own slight delay. Moreover, he had to open two doors which Julie slammed behind her; yet, it is probable that she had not been in the boudoir more than ten seconds when he entered.

Upon his first glimpse of her, she was putting a match to the drop light. It flared up, and Julie, turning about, sat down gracefully in her favorite chair.

"Good-evening, Mr. Carter," she said. "I hope you are quite well."

So Clarice had succeeded in solving a part of her mistress' secret.

"My health is excellent, thank you," responded the detective. "Yours, too, I trust? And Mr. Ormiston? I have some anxiety for him."

At this moment Ormiston entered, nursing a deep scratch on the back of his hand. He glowered at Carter.

"Howard," said Julie, "I think Mr. Carter wishes me to accompany him to a police station. Will you sit here until I return?"

"Nothing of the sort, I assure you," responded the detective. "My friends give me credit for considerable penetration, and it requires very little, Miss Bertrand, to discover that the Triangle memorandum no longer exists."

He pointed to some blazing paper beneath the wood in the grate. Julie had touched it with the match before igniting the gas in the lamp.

Julie frowned.

"You are mistaken," she said. "The document is safe."

"As you please," the detective rejoined, "but I know better. Good-evening."

About eleven o'clock on the following forenoon, Mr. Carter called upon Miss Flint, who informed him that she had just received a very peremptory message from Julie saying that the money must be paid immediately.

"Let us go to her apartments," responded Carter. "I have strong hopes that the negotiations can be closed without delay."

He did not mention to Miss Flint the events of the previous evening, but—as they were riding toward Julie's abode—he described in detail the search which Bertha had made.

"You have accounted for every inch of

space," said Gladys. "It is impossible that the paper should be there."

"And yet it must be," rejoined the detective. "By the way, do not be disturbed by anything I may say. I shall offer money——"

"By all means. As much as you think proper."

Julie, as was her custom, received her guests first in the parlor. She looked triumphant, and made a great show of fine manners and the repartee of the polite comedy of the stage. Presently she ushered her visitors into the boudoir, where she assumed a more business-like air.

"Miss Bertrand," said Carter, "I have been engaged by Miss Flint to terminate the persecution to which you are subjecting her, and I intend to do it. Before I go further, will you invite Mr. Ormiston to enter. Nervousness produces a peculiar effect upon the joints, and the snapping of Mr. Ormiston's knees behind that portiere, annoys me. He will feel better in this room."

"Tag!" cried Julie, with a laugh. "Come in, Howard; you're it."

The young man entered, looking very ill at ease.

"Now," continued Carter, "it is time, as the gamblers say, to call this bluff. You two people hold nothing. You cannot produce that memorandum."

"You deceive yourself," said Julie, grandly.

"If you can do so," continued Carter, earnestly, "Miss Flint will give you, immediately, her check for \$250,000, or she will send to her bank for the money. I will give you my written guarantee to act in good faith if the memorandum be produced; and you know well enough that I would not repudiate it. Here is the guarantee which I prepared in advance."

He handed a folded paper to Julie, who scanned it closely, Ormiston looking over her shoulder.

"Take it, Julie," said the young man. "Carter would never dare to go back on this, and, by jingo! Miss Flint wouldn't let him——"

"The money shall be paid," said Gladys.

Julie paused a moment.

"Heaven pity you, if you play me false," she said, dramatically.

She looked from one to the other of them, and seemed satisfied. Suddenly turning away, she seized the tongs that hung beside the chimney piece, and pulled a piece of wood out of the blazing fire. It was a back log that had been well covered with



ashes, and it was not so hot but that some parts of it could be handled.

"I don't usually keep it so hot as this," said Julie. "Last night it was cool and handy. If it hadn't been I could have taken a fresh one"—she pointed to the basket.

mildly. "But I give you credit for much self-restraint. Kindly let Mr. Ormiston see the paper."

Ormiston snatched it from Julie's hand and read what was written.

"It's an old case that they were mixed



"The photographing was being done in the parlor."

"Some are ordinary and some are fire-proofed. I have a friend in that business. You looked everywhere else but in the fire, Mr. Carter. Who would think of looking there?"

"If it wasn't anywhere else," said Carter, "it must have been there. That's reasoning by exclusion, and philosophers regard it as very strong. I was stupid not to think of it."

Julie pulled upon one end of the stick. It came out like the stopper of a bottle, disclosing an excavation packed with asbestos and holding a paper in its center.

"Your friend is a good joiner," said Carter. "He is not in the plot, I suppose?"

"Certainly not," responded Julie. "Now, Gladys Flint—"

The sentence ended in a strange cry, hoarse and bestial. The paper was open in Julie's hands. Her eyes were upon it; then they turned to Carter.

She sprang to the desk in the corner and pulled out a drawer so violently that it fell on the floor. A revolver bounded out of it.

Julie stooped, and then raised herself suddenly.

"No," she muttered. "I'm not—not that."

"The weapon is not loaded," said Carter,

up in," said Carter to Miss Flint. "To have found this their first offense would have been a rare chance."

"Upon your honor, Carter," said Ormiston. "There'll be no trouble?"

"Upon my honor," replied the detective.

"Go!" exclaimed Julie, flinging out her hand.

Gladys turned toward the door which Carter held open.

"By the way," he said, turning to Julie.

"It was your new maid who, upon my instruction, transposed the papers this forenoon. You won't need her any more; and Miss Flint won't need Clarice—for a similar reason. The war being over, the scouts may return to their own lines."

"Go!" repeated Julie.

On the stairs they found Bertha, who put into Carter's hand the Triangle memorandum, which he immediately gave to Gladys.

"Are you sure that they will make no trouble?" she asked, anxiously.

"Not without the memorandum," he replied. "I have frightened them. What I put on that paper was largely guesswork, and certainly I couldn't go into court with such a case; but it seems I hit the mark. They will annoy you no more. The weakness of every criminal is his past."

# SPOTTERS

By SAMUEL H. ADAMS

MELANCHOLY as it is to make the admission in an age of approximate perfection, there still exist certain flaws in the mechanism of commerce. Times occur and recur when the wheels fail to revolve just right. This is due to that recognized drawback to all exact processes, the personal equation. A vast and smooth-running business machine is constructed for the purpose of inducing a flow of wealth into the coffers of the proprietors. This machine is made up of a number of human beings, each component part having his own functions in the operating duly and nicely blocked out. If he would obligingly forbear to exist except as a part of the machine, the lives of corporation stockholders would be one long dream of receptive happiness. But, unfortunately, the employed man has an existence outside of his business entity and the personal element in him sometimes leads him to do that which, in the interests of the business machine, were better left undone; as when the wily street car conductor resigns to set up a saloon on the proceeds of the nickels which he has carelessly forgotten to ring up, or, on a larger scale, some trusted employee, taking a flyer at the race-track, trails the firm's assets in the dust at the heels of a favorite who "also ran," or a highly esteemed cashier leaves home, Sunday school class, and a wake of unfeigned chagrin behind him to seek with his thousands (but lately other people's thousands) that freer South American atmosphere where,

"On no condition  
Is extradition  
Allowed in Callao."

To check this tendency has been the study of many powerful minds. They have tried to do it mechanically and have brought forth the cash register. An admirable contrivance is the cash register. It and the principle it embodies have been extended through all the ramifications of the body politic. In institutions where the principle is carried out to its scientific limits, every time an employee turns around he must touch a button,

which releases a drop, which pushes a lever, which turns a wheel, which establishes an electric connection, which further operates in sundry and subtle ways, to the end that, several years afterward when that employee helps himself to carfare out of the cash drawer the whole electro-mechanical outfit rises up and, pointing an accusing indicator at his cowering figure, shouts, "Stop thief!" through a phonographic attachment, as he slinks out of the place. But the cash register principle has its limitations. The human brain, having been ingenious enough to invent it, is ingenious enough to outwit it. It must be supplemented by a different species of guardianship. Hence the spotter.

Like all developments, the art of spotting, from a simple beginning has attained a highly complex existence. Originally the spotter had to do only with cash or its immediate equivalent. His duty was to see that money intended for his employers was not, in the process of speeding toward its goal, diverted into alien channels. He followed, as it were, the nickel, the dime or the dollar through its various travels and saw it landed in the safe haven of the cash-box. Chiefly he was employed by transportation companies, whose unit of income was small and likely to be correspondingly elusive. Nowadays his line of work is greatly elaborated and has spread abroad in many lines. Though honest, it is hardly an honored pursuit, wherefore it exists mostly under aliases. The railroad spotter is a "special service man," the bank spotter is a "confidential agent," the political spotter is a "trusted worker," the police spotter is an "inside man," and the Government spotter is a "secret service official." But the essential duties of all are the same: to discover all they can while themselves keeping consistently under cover. Necessary the spotter may be, but he is not popular. There is in human nature a deep-rooted dislike for what is variously termed treachery or strategy, according to the nature and manner of its manifestation, and the sentiment that for-

feits the spy's life in time of war makes of the spotter an outcast in the business world.

Transportation companies employ more spotters than any other business interests. This is because of the great numbers of the employees and the opportunities for general, if inconsiderable, peculations. Despite the sale of tickets on steam railroads and the register system on street railways, both of which act as checks on dishonesty, there is a constant and considerable leakage to reckon with. Every transportation company assumes that there will be a certain loss from dishonest employees. The extent of this petty thievery depends upon the honesty and efficiency of the spotter corps. This is spotting in its lowest terms, and it calls for no higher qualities than caution and a certain power of observation easily cultivated. A "special service man," taken on by a large street railway company, is hired by the superintendent or general manager, from whom he gets his instructions. For each car upon which he reports he must specify the number of the car, the conductor's number, the time, the state of the cash register, and any indication of the conductor's "knocking down" fares which he may observe. Formerly this was the extent of his duty, but nowadays he is expected to have an eye to the behavior of the conductor and motorman toward the public, and to report explicitly upon any event of the trip which may affect the company. In case of accidents resulting in damage suits, the spotter's evidence may be of the greatest value. His conduct while on duty must be very circumspect, for men who are constantly under the surveillance of spotters become wonderfully sharp-eyed and discerning, and the slightest indication is sufficient to set them watching the man who is set to watch them. Naturally reliance is not placed in the testimony of an untried man in matters that may mean the discharge of other employees. No new spotter's report is taken as the basis for action without confirmation. The man must be tried out before he is of practical worth to the company. On the same car with the tyro is placed another spotter, one who has the confidence of his superiors. Very likely he doesn't know that he is there as a check on a new man. His report goes in and the tyro's report goes in, and if they differ greatly, so much the worse for the novice. As the spotter corps is constantly being shifted and "doubled up" in different combinations, the character of the reports can be pretty accurately judged, and if any of

the older men are falling off in their work that soon appears.

Just as soon as reports become too good the officials begin to suspect. Some years ago a large street railway absorbed a smaller one. On all counts the small road should have been an excellent property. Its lines had been well patronized, and its plant was not expensive to maintain. In fact, it was a good paying property. Everybody made money out of it except the stockholders. Its conductors bought real estate, and its spotters imitated prosperous citizens by wearing real diamonds in their shirt fronts. These spotters were not employed directly by the road, but were furnished by a private detective agency at a fixed rate. When the new company took hold it looked over the reports and failed to find a single case of dishonesty in three months. This was too good to be true. The discoveries by the new company's own men when they set in to investigate were extensive and numerous. In several cases they traced the enterprising conductors and the no less enterprising detectives to meeting places, where at the end of the day's work the former handed over to the latter amounts varying from one to three dollars. It was supposed that the "divvy" was on a fifty per cent. basis. The detective agency was notified that its services were no longer required, and in a short time the road was paying dividends to its stockholders.

Routine surveillance is the simplest and, nowadays, the least important species of secret service work on the local and general railways. Spotters who keep watch on knavish conductors are called the "regulars," and are paid from \$8 to \$15 a week. The men who do the more vital and delicate work get a salary for this service which is added to their wages for employment along one of the regular lines of work, for they are always recruited from inside the ranks of the company, and are men whose loyalty may be relied upon implicitly. In ordinary times, they may do nothing more than act as a check upon the "regulars." It is in time of discontent among the employees that they are particularly valuable. Upon them the company officials depend for their information regarding the attitude of the great body of employees on those questions that continually come up between employer and employed. They must be men of judgment, foresight, honesty and the courage to say what they believe even though it may not be pleasant for the higher officials to hear. At

the time of the last great street car strike in New York City the officials of the system affected were able to declare from the first that a certain one of the lines under their control would not be affected by the strike; that they would not lose twenty men from that line. This was fully borne out. The forecast was made, not as a bluff, but on the word of half a dozen of the special men, themselves conductors and motormen, who had taken part in all the meetings of the employees and knew exactly the prevailing sentiment. Their opinions, rendered without consultation (for they did not know each other as spotters) and sent in in cipher for safety, all coincided. To employ a cipher code in such a case may seem to the lay mind to smack of melodrama, but secrecy is vital to the spotters. Passions run high in strike times. Suspicion has fermented into mob violence before now, and men have been terribly beaten and even killed on suspicion of being "traitors to the cause." More cases of violence against spotters or suspected spotters come up in the police courts than the public ever hears of; because both sides to the case, for reasons of their own, conceal the true cause of the trouble.

Often information is transmitted by the spotters to their superiors, which, while of the greatest value, cannot be made the basis for action, because of the consequences which it would entail upon the spotters themselves. After the wrecking of the elevated railroad structure in Brooklyn at the time of the strike two years ago, while offers of reward were flying and detectives, amateur and professional, were running, nose to the ground, on many and varied trails and scents with universal and notable lack of success, the rumor was abroad among the strikers that direct incitement to the crime had been given, if the attempt had not been actually planned out at a small strikers' meeting in a hall near the outskirts of the city. No action was ever taken in the matter by the railroad company. Later a man who was himself concerned in the strike troubles made the statement privately that the entire proceedings of that meeting were known to the officials of the road, but that they were prevented from taking any action by the nature of the report of their informant who had been at the meeting and who appended to his account of the proceedings a note substantially as follows:

"I have reason to believe that I am now

under suspicion, and that if you arrest any of those who were at the meeting they would never let me get out of town alive."

Probably the most perfect system achieved by any private corporation is that of one of the big Eastern railroads, which is to some extent modeled on the secret service systems of some of the European governments, though by no means so complex. So far-reaching and so direct, however, are its lines of communication that the president of the organization is himself kept constantly informed of the trend of affairs, and the changes of sentiment among the employees of every division and subdivision of the whole railway system, and that without the knowledge of any other persons but his own special corps of clerks and secretaries. Nobody but himself knows the entire personnel of the wonderful service that he has perfected. His agents are drawn from every branch of the road's operating staff. They are engineers, freight brakemen, passenger trainmen, conductors, signalmen, yardmen, station agents, track walkers, and even division officials. Should that road have a strike—and strikes are far less likely to occur than they were before the present system was put into operation—the president will have detailed warnings of it from all the storm centers long before the first mutterings find cautious utterance in the newspapers. While it also acts as a defense against thefts by employees, this system is intended primarily to prepare, so to speak, a diary of the disposition, character, working efficiency and sentiments toward the road of the men who constitute the vast human machinery of the corporation. The feeling which culminates in a general strike is not the result of one act alone, but a slow growth made up of many grievances, real or fancied. To keep track of the shifting mental attitude of his employees is the aim of this railroad president. If a certain division superintendent has made himself unpopular with his subordinates, information to that effect comes "by underground wire," to the central office, and the matter is taken under advisement. If the newest fireman on the road attempts to stir up discontent by inflammatory talk his views soon reach the official ear. Every leading spirit in the employees' organization is known to the president, who also knows whether, in case of trouble, the man is to be reckoned upon as a conservative or a radical. Sometimes this works out the man's career in a manner quite incomprehensible to him. For

instance, Night Watchman Brown is shifted, without cause that he can fathom, from one division to another. How should he know that rumors of trouble in that division have reached the presidential ear, and that he himself, being down in the president's little book as a speaker of weight and a counselor of conservative measures, has been shifted over to act as unconscious agent in checking a dangerous tendency?

Some of the admiring co-workers of the head of this system declares that in two minutes' reference to his collected funds of information he can unroll the family history of the woman who washes the windows of Car No. 41144X, and tell whether, in her estimation, he himself is an oppressor of the downtrodden or a perfect gentleman.

Where so many invisible lines radiate from the same office it is inevitable that some of them should cross. Curious complications result from contact between spotters as unknown to each other as they are to those whom they watch. Several years ago, at a time of general labor troubles, a certain railroad got no less than five reports from its confidential men informing them that an employee (who was several degrees higher in the secret service of the road than any of them, had they but known it) had been making incendiary speeches. This was true. Matters had so shaped themselves that the man accused had to appear as a radical in order to gain admittance to inner councils where the important questions would be finally decided. To the chagrin of the authorities, they were obliged to transfer him. Had they not done so the suspicions of the men who made the reports would have been aroused. That spotters should know each other as such is held to be highly undesirable. There is always the chance that they might work in conjunction, instead of acting as checks on each other.

Often this kind of work calls for a high degree of courage. It is hardly too much to say that at every meeting of railroad strikers the corporation against which the strike is directed is represented by a spotter. In the great railroad strike of 1892, while reporting the troubles at Buffalo for a New York daily I found myself one night at a meeting of Polish railroad laborers in the danger district of East Buffalo. Although I was unable to understand a word of what was said, I inferred from the display of a red flag and a decidedly reckless flourishing of weapons that the proceedings were not precisely on the order of a Peace Conference. I had

chosen a secluded corner where I hoped to remain unnoticed, but to my uneasiness, I presently found myself the object of unfavorable scrutiny by a number of growling Polacks. Finally a hulking, red-bearded fellow lumbered over to where I sat and in a horrible dialect which I will not attempt to transliterate, cursed me and bade me begone. As I hesitated between prudence and a natural disinclination to submit to open bullying, the supposed Pole added, with all the skill of a ventriloquist, in whispered English, without trace of accent, "They're onto you. Your life isn't safe here." I got out, wondering who my kindly advisor could be. Some days later, in spite of the fact that he had shaved off his beard, I recognized him in a group of railroad officials at one of the stations. If my life was in danger at the meeting, the spotter's was certainly in far greater danger, which he had increased by the risk he took in warning me.

Perhaps the most perilous single undertaking in the line of railroad spotting was that of a young writer whose specialty is tramp life. For a year he was in the employ of a certain railroad system, making a study of the hoboes who infested that road, living, camping and riding the freight trains with them. Undoubtedly his report was the most thorough document of its kind ever written, and so effective were the recommendations he suggested that to-day that road suffers less from the patronage of the great fraternity of the footloose than any other railroad in the country. But the information was collected at the imminent risk of his life, for during the entire time he was on the road there was hardly a night when, if his mission had become known, he would not have had his throat cut by the ready razors of his fellow tramps.

Checks on the dishonesty of employees of banks and other financial institutions are operated along very different lines from spotting in the case of transportation companies. The railroad spotter watches the employee in his business environment. The bank spotter concerns himself with his man only outside of business hours. A cashier or teller is a trusted employee; otherwise he would not be in a position of trust. Treatment implying that he is waiting only the chance to abscond with everything in reach he would not endure. All that his superiors can do is to keep track of him outside the institution and keep themselves informed on his habits and manner of life. Thus the problem is merely one of shadowing. The theory is



that the life of any employee who handles amounts of money largely in excess of his salary must be on file in black and white; that his goings out and his comings in must be known; that if he takes a liking for Wall street speculation or the race-track, or the gambling table, or the society of doubtful feminine friends, it is to be recorded against him; that his existence, reckoned in dollars and cents, must correspond to his stated income. In short, a "trusted employee" of a bank is supposed to be chaperoned as rigidly, if not quite so obtrusively, as a maiden in a young ladies' seminary.

Financial interests in general would have us believe that this course of procedure is universal. But the public trustfulness has sustained some severe shocks, notably in the case of Alvord, the note teller, who, on a small salary, lived in a suburb of New York on a \$50,000 per annum basis until, last fall, the bank waked up to find that it was \$700,000 poorer by the proceedings of its employee. Here is a case where a man who handled large sums of money not his own fairly flaunted his extravagances in public. Within forty-five minutes' ride of the bank which he was robbing he maintained an elaborate household. His friends knew him as a free spender. At Saratoga he lived like a millionaire, played the races in the daytime and "bucked the tiger" at roulette or faro in the evening. Yet for all the bank officials knew of it, they might have been inmates of an institution for the deaf, dumb and blind. Thereafter, however, there was a marked increase in inquiry on the part of other institutions, and in one bank three employees were "permitted to resign," not because they had laid a finger on any funds, but because "inside information" had been received that they were constant attendants in the betting ring at the race courses. To private detective agencies this sort of spotting is mostly entrusted. Some institutions have their "confidential agents," who make a study of the life habits of the employees as the scientist pries into the mode of existence of some ant or spider upon whom he meditates a monograph. Occasionally information comes from an unexpected source, as was the case last year with a down-town bank. The president of this institution, who is something of a crusty customer, received a call one morning from a gentleman whose principal claim to distinction rested on a preternaturally large and clean-shaven jaw overhanging a highly resplendent diamond of indubitable worth. The caller proceeded

at once to business, introducing himself as being "the inside man with Square Mike Smith" (naming a fixed star in the gambling house firmament).

"You think you don't want to know me," he continued, pointing a fat finger at the disgrusted president's solar plexus, "but you do. I want to put you onto your cashier."

The urbane banker growled out his disinclination to hear anything about his employees, but the visitor only hitched his chair up a foot nearer and imperturbably proceeded.

"He's up in the place every night, that cash pusher of yours, rolling the bank's shiners across the green."

"He's been win'ing your money, I suppose, and that is why you are here giving information that nobody wants," sneered the banker.

"Copper that bet unless you want to go broke," said the "sport," quietly.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Copper it, I say. You're twisted. He ain't getting our money. We're getting his; his or the bank's."

"Do you expect me to believe that you came down here—?"

"Say, I'm busy," the visitor interrupted, with sudden vigor. "I know you. You're one of these dead ones that think they know it all. I ain't got the time to hear you tell it. Here's the point. Your cashier blows in his dough at our place. That's all right. Then he blows in the bank's dough, for a few thou', and what happens? Why, you get onto him and you make a horrible beef, don't you? And then it all gets into the papers and the cops has to make a play by closing us up for a couple of weeks right in the rush of the season. We want that cashier reeled in." He got to his feet. "That's all. Take him away; see? Take him away."

And with a sudden violent gesture that would have knocked a fly off the tip of the banker's chin if a presumptuous insect had happened to be there, the visitor turned and went, leaving the banker blinking and speechless.

Guarantee companies which go on the bonds of individuals appointed to places of trust have their own special corps of spotters who exercise a close and oftentimes a clumsy surveillance. This shadowing becomes annoying only when it is unskilfully done, in which case it is likely to render life a burden to the subject of it. A young man who was bonded for a large amount by one of



these firms found himself, for the first few evenings after the bond was signed, made the victim of a persecution of maladroitness wherever he went. So persistently did two of the company's agents dog his footsteps that he presently gave over going out after dinner for a time. Later the spotting was either foregone or done more expertly; at any rate, it ceased to be a nuisance.

Political spotting is a recent development of the profession, but it has become necessary in the establishment of political campaigning as a business enterprise involving millions of dollars' capital and run on strictly scientific principles. Every state chairman has at his command a corps of "trusted workers." Now, this term has a wide range of meanings, varying in reputability. In some cases, it designates the men who "use money where it will do the most good"; in others, the men who look after these disbursements to see that the money is actually used where it will do the most good to the party and not to the handler of it. But, as a rule, the "secret service" fund is distributed only among those in whom the party managers have the utmost confidence, and the work of the spotters along this line is not extensive.

To this corps falls the task of guarding against fraud on the part of election officers when election day comes. They are supposed to be encyclopedias of information as to the spending of money by the other side, and to "block off" in one way or another, either by threats or counter persuasion any attempts to corrupt the men who register or count the votes. There is no doubt that many schemes are frustrated in every election on both sides by the activity of this service.

This species of service is continually in demand to keep headquarters informed as to the progress and pertinence of various budding party organizations. For instance, word is received that the Intercollegiate Hammer Throwers' McKinley & Roosevelt Marching Club has organized with a membership of fifty, and would be glad of a little financial aid toward furnishing their club-rooms. Now, all these organizations are promoted by professional organizers who do not regard virtue as its own reward, at least in a political sense, but hope for something more tangible. This they get if their labors are worth votes to the party. As soon as the notification is received a spotter is quietly sent out from headquarters to "rubber around" the

locality and find out whether the new club has an existence otherwise than on paper. Another matter wherein the political spotter's judgment is of value to headquarters is that of campaign oratory. Scores of spellbinders are sent out in every lively campaign to all parts of the state. Each man has outlined his speeches, and had them censored by the powers that be, for the managers don't want any "Burchardism" to crop out and spoil their campaign. Lest the spellbinder should be a traitor in disguise, or have ambitions to launch out into unauthorized by-paths of eloquence, a "trusted worker" is set on his trail to make a report on his speeches. This report also includes an estimate of the spellbinder's effectiveness and popularity with his audiences. Many of these useful adjuncts to a political party are minor office-holders. Others hope to be office-holders, and in addition to the hope draw \$10 or \$15 a week for their work, while still others are volunteers. Nobody but the managers themselves know what men are doing the confidential work of a campaign.

Concerning the regulation police spotter there is little to be said. The work of the stool pigeon, unsavory as it is, is legitimate and even necessary. More sinister are the duties of the "inside man." In the present constitution of the New York Police Department it is obvious to all but official boards and investigating committees that there is a vast amount of "police business" admirably systematized which is kept strictly within departmental lines. The inside man is the agent and operator of this business. In every "fat" precinct—that is, a precinct where vice pays its regular toll to the police—the powers that be in the central office have a representative. This man ranks as a patrolman, though he is not in uniform. He is, *de facto*, the captain of the precinct. With him the *de jure* captain "consults" on any matter of importance that may come up, and his "advice," given after a visit to police headquarters, is always accepted. He is always within reach of the station house, and the sergeant on the desk, though many degrees higher in official rank, comes to him for orders. All the keepers of gambling houses and houses of ill-fame who make their visits openly to the station house ask, not for the captain, but for the "ward man." He knows the exact amount of revenue that can be extracted from the "sporty" interests of the region, and he sees that the proper proportion reaches

those in whose interests he is working, reserving a percentage for himself. Any one who cares to study the transfers of policemen "for the good of the service" will find the trail of his punitive powers. It is estimated by other and envious policemen that the "inside man" in what is usually regarded as the "fattest" of up-town districts pockets an income of more than \$10,000 a year.

Uncle Sam's large and well-organized Secret Service is made up mostly of men who come properly under the head of detectives with police powers, but it has its class of *bona fide* spotters, whose entire duty it is to ingratiate themselves with persons suspected of having designs to evade the customhouse duties and to warn the baggage inspectors at this end of the impending swindle. In cleverness, address and adaptability the Secret Service spotter is easily at the head of his profession, and even ranks with the trained experts of the European diplomatic corps. It is essential that he should be a man of the world, for he must associate with all kinds of people on equal terms. He has no fixed abode, but lives in various European capitals when he is not on shipboard, where he is much of the time. He must never let himself be in the slightest degree suspected. There is always a number of these agents in Paris, because of the great American trade there. They live at the fashionable hotels and live the life, apparently, of *flaneurs* and *boulevardiers*. In all lines of trade that concern dutiable goods they are experts, and no large purchase by an American in Paris is unknown to them. Their circle of acquaintance is enormous, but nobody knows them for what they are. In one way or another they contrive to make the acquaintance of any person whom they suspect, and unostentatiously but unremittingly trail him. Many a time some man who has made a heavy purchase of diamonds or laces, and so disposed them that he felt sure of being able to get them

through the port undiscovered, has been passed on the dock by a chance acquaintance of the voyage over who, unseen, presses a little note into the hand of the customs inspector. That note tells all that the wily smuggler would wish to keep secret, and his baggage is mercilessly ransacked until the hidden articles are brought to light. He has been followed over by the spotter. Men employed in this line get good pay—as high as \$10 a day—but it costs them much to live in the manner in which they must maintain themselves.

Suspicious as it is of swindles from without, the Government is more trustful of the employees in its financial center than is any private corporation. In the U. S. Treasury the whole output of the nation's currency is handled by men who are under neither surveillance nor bond. The paying-teller handles forty or fifty million dollars a year. The exchange clerk has every day \$60,000 in change at hand. The money in charge of the keeper of the cash room runs from \$170,000,000 upwards, and the chief of the issue division, who is a negro, handles millions every day. Any of these men could get away with enormous amounts of money and be reasonably secure against detection for a considerable length of time. Nevertheless, speculations from the Treasury have been few and small in amount, during its history. There is an axiom in the department which runs as follows:

"Wherever money is handled there is a point at which the honesty of the individual must be the main reliance."

And so the Treasury dispenses with the services of spotters. However, private business interests involving the handling of large sums of money are not likely to follow this example. Spotters may be an evil, but they are a necessity in the present phase of human development, and until some psychological chemist devises a preparation to make men honest, the type is likely to persist.



Road Building by U. S. Department of Agriculture for New Jersey Agricultural College and Experiment Station, New Brunswick, N. J.

## THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

By ARTHUR HENRY

THE farmers, gardeners and fruit-growers of the United States spend vast sums of money each year in trying to find out whether a particular fruit, vegetable or cereal will or will not thrive in localities where it has not been tested. Most of these experiments result in disappointment and pecuniary loss. What a man wants to know is *how to tell in advance* whether the conditions on his land are fit or unfit for the particular crop he has in view, and what crops he can raise with reasonable certainty. It requires no argument to show that the answers to these questions must be worth in the aggregate hundreds of thousands of dollars yearly.

Before the time of Liebig, there was no exact information concerning the composition of crops, the nature of the soil or the function of fertilizers.

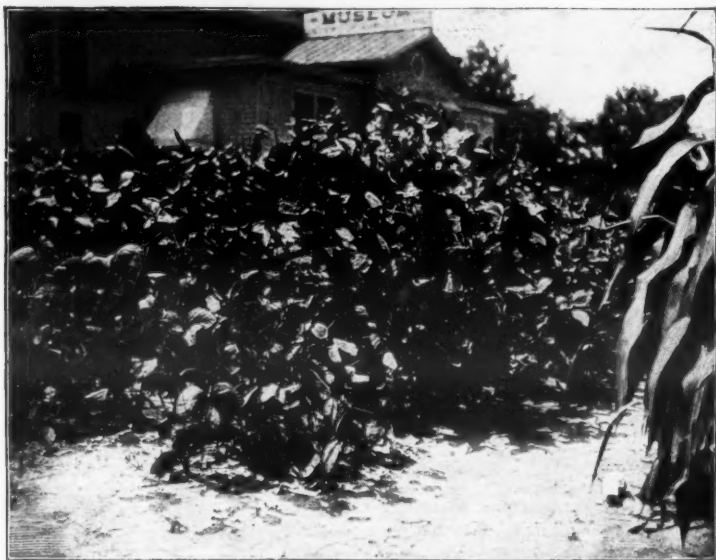
Certain facts, learned from long experience, were made use of blindly. Agricultural chemistry seeks to determine the nature of crops and their relation to soil. Until recently, this work has been conducted in field experiments where the conditions were uncertain. During the last few years, in order to gain more accurate knowledge,

the Department has experimented on soils gathered from all parts of the United States and placed in spots where all conditions may be controlled. The object is to discover the maximum amount of organic matter which can be produced under given circumstances.

Provided a favorable climate exists, the soil is the first problem a grower must consider. It is the work of the Division of Chemistry to study, for him, the origin of soils, the composition of the rocks, the action of water, ice and wind, and the crops that are best suited to different soils. It is through such studies that men have learned the causes of the impoverishment of soil, and the sources from which it can be recuperated.

There is no line of work more intimately connected with the agricultural interests of the country than investigations of grasses and forage plants.

Grasses are so common, growing everywhere in meadows and waste places, upon hillsides and plains, covering the bare places of the earth with their myriad hosts of individual plants, that we are apt to forget their vast significance in the economy of nature, and that they constitute the greatest of our



Soy Beans Grown in Grass Garden, U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

agricultural resources, and form the very foundation upon which rests all our agricultural wealth and prosperity. According to estimates of the Division of Statistics the hay crop of 1896 alone amounted to 60,000,000 tons, valued at nearly \$4,000,000,000, exceeding by a third the total value of the wheat crop. In addition to this vast quantity of hay, which would barely suffice to carry through the year the 16,000,000 milch cows owned by the United States, enough pasturage, fodder and green forage were supplied to feed 37,000,000 sheep, 30,000,000 cattle, 14,000,000 horses and 2,000,000 mules. A conservative estimate places the total annual value of the grass and forage crops of this country at more than \$1,000,000,000.

Among the great nations of the world, ours has been the first to give official recognition to the importance of these crops by establishing in the Department of Agriculture a Division of Agrostology, especially devoted to working out grass problems.

During the past year 6,000 trial packages of seeds from collections made by the division have been distributed, more than 3,000 grasses have been identified for correspondents, and replies to more than 600 inquirers, relative to the methods of cultivation, uses, and feeding value of grasses, have been prepared.

As early as 1874, Dr. George Vasey, the botanist of the Department, began his work on the improvement of the forage supply of the United States. At that time the hay product of the country amounted to about 25,000,000 tons per annum. In the Northeastern states, the forage problem was already, in the main, solved, but in the South and in the West there was a deplorable lack of suitable forage plants. New England and New York had brought their grasses and clovers from Great Britain, and, owing to a general similarity of climate, had found them satisfactory. Their use had extended also to the Middle West with equal success. With the increase of stock raising in the cotton country of the South, however, it was found that the old and well-known forage plants must be replaced by others, better suited to the warmer climate. During the next decade, following the rapid depletion of the wild forage supply of the Far West and the establishment of homesteads throughout that region, the similar discovery was made that the common forage plants of the East could not withstand the dry climate. For many years the Department brought together by correspondence information along these two lines, and, in 1884, collected it in the form of a book entitled, "The Agricultural Grasses of the United States."

In the year 1888 the lump-sum appropriation for botanical investigations and experiments was increased from \$2,000 to \$20,000, and the establishment of forage experiment stations was authorized. The principal station established was at Garden City, in western Kansas. A large number of grasses, both native and foreign, was cultivated at the station without irrigation. At the end of the five years' lease, in 1893, after the various species clearly not adapted to the region had been thrown out year by year, the experiment resulted in the demonstration that two forage plants, Hungarian brome and red Kaffir corn, and one grain, Jerusalem corn, were the crops best suited to cultivation in those portions of the southern great plains where irrigation was impracticable. A few other plants, notably Colorado bluestem, gave promise of success, and their cultivation has since been followed in other portions of the plains. The station was an object lesson to thousands of despairing farmers. It showed them that Kaffir corn could produce a good crop when everything else was killed by the drought; that Kaffir corn was the equal of maize for fattening hogs and feeding farm stock, and that it could be made into good bread. Thousands of bushels were distributed among the farmers, and they found the grain as successful on their own farms as at the station. At the end of the five years' life of the station, Kaffir corn was very generally

cultivated, the shipment of fat hogs showed a marked increase, and the farmers were making a far more comfortable living than before. Since that time Kaffir corn has become the leading grain crop in western Kansas and western Oklahoma, and its cultivation is now thoroughly established.

How may the farmers and fruit growers avoid damage to their crops by insects? The Division of Entomology stands ready to answer this question. Five thousand letters requiring written answers, aside from those needing only a printed circular, were received by this division in nine months. In most cases, the inquiry relates to a well-known insect, and may be answered by a circular. Some new insect may be sent in any day, with stories of its ravages, and this insect may require an investigation of months. Time is frequently saved by investigating groups of insects, or all those affecting a certain product. It will not be long before any one who takes the trouble to inquire, may know what insects will or will not affect the crops of any locality.

By foreign correspondence, the division learned of a natural enemy of the white scale in Australia. An agent was sent to procure it, and the orange and lemon industries of California were saved from probable extinction. This country, in turn, has sent similar relief to Egypt and Portugal.

The authorities in California were notified by the Department of Agriculture that the



Dairy Building, University of Minnesota.



Russian thistle was growing at a certain railway station in that state and were advised to root it out. The state authorities thereupon employed an agent to traverse the railroad lines, and wherever the Russian thistle was found to exterminate it. This has been done successfully, and, while it is quite possible that the Russian thistle may ultimately become established in California, such establishment will be postponed for many years, and the enormous damage to the wheat crops warded off for just that period. It was estimated that in 1893, a season favorable to its growth, the Russian thistle damaged the wheat crop of the West to the extent of from \$3,000,000 to \$5,000,000.

is confined to the living berries on the vine and part of the time to the old, dried and shriveled fruits which fall to the ground. The latter, it was found, furnish the means of starting the pest another season, and thus the more the rotten berries accumulate on the ground the more danger there is of infections the next year. Possessing these facts, it remained to discover some means of protecting the grape from the parasite in a way that would be sufficiently cheap and practical to warrant its adoption by grape growers themselves. The only way to accomplish this object was by work in the vineyards. This work was inaugurated, and eventually it was proved that by the proper use of various solutions sprayed upon the



Alfalfa, Belle Fourche, South Dakota, 1897.

Twelve years ago the department began the work on plant diseases in a small way, its efforts at first being devoted to a few of the more important diseases of fruits. In the beginning the investigations were confined to the laboratory, it being recognized that before any practical results could be secured in the field, knowledge must be obtained as to the nature of the diseases it was intended to combat. At the time this work was undertaken, the growing of grapes for market was being abandoned in many sections, on account of black rot. The work of the department showed that this disease was due to a fungus. Furthermore, it showed how the fungus lives from year to year, and how part of the time its growth

vines the latter would not be injured in the least, but the attacks of the fungus would, in large part, be prevented. To reduce the operation to a practical basis, many difficulties had to be overcome. The question of a suitable apparatus was a difficult one, as few manufacturers are willing to put a machine on the market without some assurance that there would be a demand for it. That these obstacles were overcome, however, and that the work was a success, is shown by the widespread application of the results obtained. For the first few years, despite the widely-published statements concerning the work, it was difficult to get growers to undertake it. Men were actually paid to spray their vines in order that the results



might be utilized as an object lesson for others. Five years after the first successful treatment of black rot, however, carefully collected data showed that there were over fifty thousand grape growers treating their vines in accordance with the directions issued by the department. The industry, which for years had languished or been abandoned in many sections, was revived, and, as was stated by the viticultural expert connected with the Eleventh Census, the work of the Department of Agriculture has practically revolutionized grape culture in many sections.

Arrangements were made at one time

was intended primarily to determine the possibility of preventing the diseases, the cost involved, and the actual gain in the growth of the tree, if any, as measured by dollars and cents. Over a hundred thousand trees were used in the experiment, and it was shown that the cost of the work was twenty-five cents per thousand the first season, and the same the second year. The third year it was forty cents, making the total cost for three seasons' work ninety cents per thousand trees.

The net profit, as determined by the nurseryman who dug the trees and sold them, ranged from \$1 to \$40 per thousand, the



Girls' Home Building, School of Agriculture, Minnesota.

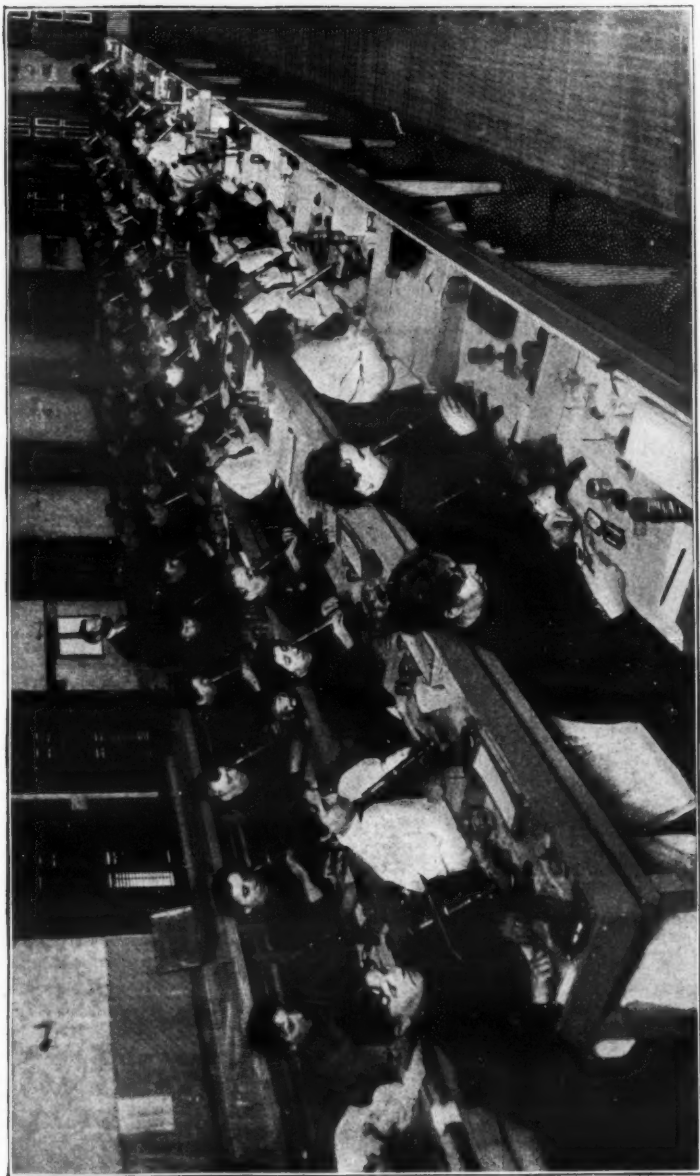
with about three hundred grape growers to plan their work so as to obtain as definite facts as possible in regard to the actual money value of the operations carried out under the directions of the department. It was found that the treated vines yielded on an average eighty per cent. more fruit than the untreated, and that the actual gain as a result of the work ranged all the way from \$20 to \$150 per acre. The aggregate gain, as estimated by the entire three hundred growers, was something over \$20,000, while the expense, including labor and cost of all materials used, did not exceed \$2,000.

Several years ago the department began an investigation of the diseases of nursery stock, inaugurating experiments which extended through several seasons. The work

average being \$13, or about 1,400 per cent. on the actual money expended.

The same diseases which cause serious loss in the nursery also attack pear, cherry, plum and quince trees in the orchard. Here also important practical results have been obtained. At an expenditure rarely exceeding fifteen cents per tree it has been shown conclusively that the marketable product can be increased from twenty-five to fifty per cent.

The Biological Survey aims to define and map the natural agricultural belts of the United States, to ascertain what products of the soil can and what cannot be grown successfully in each, to guide the farmer in the intelligent introduction of foreign crops, and to point out his friends and his enemies among the native birds and mammals, there-



Microscopic Inspection of Pork at Chicago by the Bureau of Animal Industry.

by helping him to utilize the beneficial and ward off the harmful kinds.

The bulletins on birds and mammals published by the Biological Survey correct widely prevalent errors as to the economic status of species that affect agricultural interests, and demonstrate the inefficiency and wastefulness of bounty laws, under which millions of dollars have been expended by the various states and territories without accomplishing the object for which they were intended.

Birds are the farmer's most valuable aids in his life-long battle with the insects that play on his crops. How important, therefore, that he should not destroy them that do him greatest service. In the case of hawks and owls the division has shown, by the examination of the stomach contents of about 3,000 of these universally hated and persecuted birds, that only six out of the seventy-three kinds inhabiting the United States are injurious, and three of these are so rare they need hardly be considered, leaving only three to be taken into account as enemies of agriculture. The others prey upon mice, insects and other vermin, and rank among the farmers' best friends.

Since its establishment in 1885, the division has examined the stomach contents of nearly 15,000 birds belonging to 200 species and sub-species, and has published information on the food habits of 140 kinds, mainly hawks, owls, crows, jays, blackbirds, sparrows, thrushes, flycatchers, swallows, wrens, shrikes, woodpeckers, horned larks and cedarbirds.

The Department of Agriculture was impressed early in its history with many and difficult problems connected with the animal history of the country that needed solution, but in regard to which the most enlightened agriculturists and the most expert scientific men were profoundly ignorant. The Division of Animal Industry was created, and the most pressing duty devolving upon the new bureau was to arrest the extension of pleuro-pneumonia and, if possible, eradicate that disease from the country. In attempting to perform this duty, it developed that notwithstanding the investigations and reports of scientific men, the Commissioner of Agriculture, under whom that work was to be entered upon, doubted the existence of the disease in the United States. The prevalence of some peculiar disease of cattle in certain portions of the country was evident, and elaborate experiments were made to demonstrate whether it was of a contagious

nature. After this demonstration had been made it was necessary to secure further authority from Congress before effective work could be undertaken. By the original legislation, only diseased animals could be purchased for slaughter; but the contagion could not be eradicated or appreciably diminished while exposed animals were left in the stables to develop the disease and infect other animals. It was not until 1887 that authority to use the appropriation for the purchase and slaughter of exposed animals was received. From that time forward there were no extensions of the disease into fresh territory, and the infected districts were rapidly freed from it. Since early in 1892, no case of contagious pleuro-pneumonia of cattle has been discovered in the United States, and events have consequently confirmed the thoroughness and reliability of the work.

In 1881 our pork was prohibited entrance into Germany, France and the principal countries of the continent of Europe, on the ground that it was infested by trichinae and was injurious to health.

Notwithstanding the fact that it could not be shown that our pork had caused disease, and that it was manifestly more wholesome than the European pork, and notwithstanding the most vigorous protests made by the American Government, the trade was crushed and destroyed. The year before the prohibition went into effect we sold to France 70,000,000 pounds, and to Germany 43,000,000 pounds.

For ten years our pork was shut out of nearly every market of continental Europe, when in 1891 the bureau began the microscopic inspection and certification of pork destined to the markets of the prohibiting countries. This action led to the removal of the prohibitions, but the restoration of the trade was a slow and difficult process.

Notwithstanding such adverse conditions, the trade with these countries has continued to grow until now it requires more meat than the bureau is able to inspect with the available appropriation.

In the year 1865 there appeared a notice of some experiments conducted in German hospitals wherein it was made apparent that the blue-gum tree of Australia (*eucalyptus globulus*) possessed anti-periodic properties. Acting upon this information, a package of seeds of this tree was procured through an Australian correspondent, which were sown during the spring of 1866. After three years, at which time the plants had reached

a height of twenty to twenty-five feet, several of them were cut down and submitted to chemical tests for alkaloids similar to the cinchona, but they failed to reveal any indications of alkaloids of this character, and subsequent experiments afforded additional proof that no part of the plant contained them. Nevertheless, the febrifugal nature of the leaves appears to be well established, and preparations from them constitute a popular remedy in Australia and in other countries, and several preparations from various parts of the plant have the reputation of being successfully used in intermittent fevers. The leaves by distillation yield an essential oil which has been found to possess the properties of cajuput oil; it is known in commerce as eucalyptus oil; other species of eucalyptus furnish oils which are sold under this name.

The blue-gum tree yields an astringent substance which is applicable, like catechu and kino, in medicine. The leaves have a strong camphorated scent, and have been used in the cure of gunshot and other wounds. Their balsamic nature not only cures, but after a few hours' application all unpleasant odor is entirely removed.

But the great popularity for a time of the *eucalyptus globulus* resulted from its reputed properties for preventing malarial fevers. Unhealthy districts in Spain, Italy, and in some parts of France, were planted with the blue-gum, now called the anti-fever tree. Its anti-malaria reputation soon reached the United States, and the demand for young trees became so great that the department procured supplies of seed and propagated and distributed many thousands of the plants during several years from 1870. Their hardiness has been well tested here. It was found that they were destroyed when the temperature fell to twenty-four degrees Fahrenheit. As reports came in, its

climatic range could be more accurately located, which proved to be more limited than was hoped for at the start. It was destroyed by cold at Galveston, Texas, and in Florida as far as latitude twenty-nine degrees. In California it is successfully grown, and is largely planted in certain parts of the state.

These few facts gathered from the reports of the different divisions of the department can only serve as meager illustrations of the work it has done and the ends it has in view. No reference has been made at all to important divisions, such as the Weather Bureau, and the Division of Forestry, but enough evidence is presented to prove how comprehensive is the scope of this department, how effective are its methods, and how closely science and practical industry in any line are associated.

Millions of bulletins, containing the results of years of experiments on everything pertaining to the products of the soil have been constantly dropping into the hands of the people, carrying with them exact information concerning the atmosphere and soil, birds and insects, whatever grows from the earth, and the true relation of all these things to one another. The result has been to awaken everywhere the perceptions of the people and to create a constantly increasing demand for knowledge.

Some idea of the extent of this work may be obtained from the fact that during 1899 the stations in the different states issued 407 bulletins, which were mailed to 506,100 addresses. The total number of pages in these publications was 15,785. The United States Department of Agriculture has aided in this movement, through numerous publications, especially the *Farmers' Bulletins*, of which over 2,000,000 copies were distributed last year, and the *Yearbook*, of which 500,000 copies are annually printed.



# A FREAK OF FORTUNE

BY

MRS. GEORGIE SHELTON



THE outside door slammed to with an abrupt, inhospitable sound as Marcia left the home of an offended patron and realized, with an unutterable sense of depression, that this was the last time she would ever go out of it—that she had lost her pupil and the much-needed dollar-a-lesson hitherto paid for her services.

A wild March wind was careering through the street and a sharp rain that stung her face was falling as she raised her umbrella and gathered up her skirts preparatory to going on her way.

At that instant a young man who had just turned the corner, a rod away, sprang to her side, his handsome face all aglow.

"What luck, Marcia!" he exclaimed. "A moment later and I should have missed you."

"Oh, Felix!" cried the young girl, a joyous ring in her tones. "You are so opportune! How did you happen upon the scene just at a time when you were so much needed?"

"I was wandering about and happened to remember where and when certain music lessons are given by a little girl who occupies quite an important niche in my heart; so here I am. Really, Marcia, this weather is too beastly to add the discomfort of a budget of bad news, but——" he supplemented, regretfully.

"The weather does not disturb me in the least now that I have you," said Marcia, as she nestled closer to him, "so tell me your trouble, dear, and let me share the burden."

"Well, then, my star has set; that is to say, the *Evening Star* has gone out—become extinct—and the chief of its repor-

torial staff will have to find another orbit wherein to exercise his brilliant talents," was the half-humorous, half-bitter response.

"And you are sure to find it," said Marcia, cheerily, but with a patient sigh. "It happens, too, that I can heartily sympathize with you, for I also have just received my discharge from Mrs. Collins."

"The idiot!" cried Felix, indignantly; "what is she complaining of now?"

"Oh, because I haven't been able to make a prima donna of Conny before she can sing the simplest exercises or play her scales."

"Poor little girl! it's just horrid that you have to come in contact with such rude people," said Felix, with an impatient shrug. "If Wilfred would only put his shoulder to the wheel and behave himself you would not have to——"

"Ah! that is my worst trouble," faltered Marcia, her eyes clouding, her lips trembling. "I have not seen him for a week, and I am so worried. Oh, Felix—if you would be so kind—I hate to ask it of you—but——"

"My darling, can you ask anything that I will not do with joy? I understand; you want me to look him up. I will, dear, though I frankly admit I have not much patience with the cub—excuse me, but really——"

"Ah! but he is young yet——" began the fair girl, with an appealing glance.

"And you are two years younger and running your dear little feet off to put food into his mouth, as well as yours," interposed her lover, with gloomy eyes. Then noting the look of pain on her lovely face, he added, reassuringly: "But do not worry, sweetheart, there is good in Wilfred, and



he will perhaps right-about-face one of these days."

"Oh, Felix, what a comforter you are!" cried Marcia, appreciatively. "While you are left to me I can never despair."

"Humph! I don't seem to be a stunning success, whatever else I may be," he said, with a tinge of self-scorn in his tones. "If I could only do something worth while and make a home for you I should at least retain my self-respect. Oh! for a fortune to lay at your feet, this very minute! Holloa! here we are at 140—what a short walk it has been! Now, my precious, hurry in and get off those wet clothes. But, wait a second; couldn't we fix this umbrella so that it would shield a parting kiss?"

"No, sir, we could not," said Marcia, decidedly, as she ran nimbly up the steps; "just look up and note the Argus eyes at the various windows. And, Felix"—with a backward, pleading glance—"don't be impatient with Wil when you find him."

"My darling, for your sake I will assume the virtue of forbearance, though I have it not where he is concerned. Good-by."

The house which Marcia entered was a four-story brick structure, and she had to climb all the stairs and traverse three gloomy halls before gaining her own room.

It was cold and dark, but she felt for the match-box on the mantle and lighted the gas, thus revealing a small, scantily-furnished chamber.

As she removed her hat she noticed an official-looking document lying on the table.

She lifted it, an expression of surprise on her fair face, and saw that it was addressed to her brother—Wilfred.

She stood studying the handwriting and wondering what the nature of its contents might be when she was startled by a sharp, imperative knock on her door.

Before she had time even to say "Come in" a young man strode unceremoniously into the room and threw himself heavily upon a chair.

His handsome face was pale and haggard, and there was an unfathomable expression in his restless dark eyes that his sister had never seen in them before.

"Oh, Wil! how glad I am that you have come," she cried, "I have been so anxious about you."

"Great Scott!" he impatiently returned, "can't a fellow go to visit a friend for a few days without such a fuss being made over it? But I wrote you; I gave a brat ten cents to bring a note to you."

"I never received it, Wil," replied Marcia, choking back a sob at his irritable tone. "But here is a letter, or something, that has come for you."

Wilfred's hand trembled visibly as he took it, and the document rattled noisily as he drew it from its envelope and unfolded it.

He scanned it with nervous haste, his face growing more and more ghastly as he read, while Marcia regarded him with an anxious, puzzled expression in her hazel eyes.

"By all that is marvelous!" he burst forth, excitedly at last. "Well—it is only just and right! What will you say to a fortune, sis? Money to burn! Aunt Angie is dead and has left everything she had to you and me!"

"Wil!" gasped Marcia, with ashen lips, "Aunt Angie gone!"

"Well, yes; I suppose it would sound better to you if I say she has 'passed on to the next plan of existence,'" the young man said, with a nervous laugh, "but I can't waste any tears over the event. I haven't forgotten our last quarrel, when she forbade me ever to enter her house again, and now it's ours, and all her money, bonds and jewels, besides."

"But are you sure, Wil?" she faltered. "She was so angry because I wrote trying to excuse you she said we should neither of us ever have a penny—that she had made a will leaving all she had to establish a home for poor gentlewomen."

"Oh, bother!" interposed her brother, impatiently, "don't be so skeptical, for here it is in black and white. You've always been ready enough to believe bad news; but we'll reverse that order of things from now on, if you please. Here, read the lawyer's letter yourself," and he thrust it into her hands as he spoke.

"I wonder why we were not sent for to attend the funeral," said Marcia, after looking over the paper.

"Thunder and lightning, Marcia! I'm deuced glad we were not sent for," he said, with a shiver. "See here!" he broke forth, hoarsely, "the—the surprise and—shock of this has knocked me clean off my base, and I must have something to brace me up—I suppose, though, you haven't a drop of wine or—or a little whiskey on hand," and he sank back in his chair, looking pale and wretched.

"Yes, I have a little," said Marcia, with some hesitation. Then she went to her



closet, poured out a glass of wine and brosted it to him.

He drained it at a single draught and presently the color began to come back to his face.

"Ah! but this money will make a different man of me!" he remarked, after a few moments of silence. "I shall be somebody in the world now, and not a poor, measly, ten-dollar-a-week clerk, and half the time without a job at that. And you, dearie"—bending a softer look upon Marcia—"what a different life for you! Perhaps you have thought me a selfish, unfeeling cub, and that I did not care because you've had to work so hard. But I did, little sister—that was half that has made me so ugly at times. Now there'll be no more wretched little hall bed-rooms for us—no more threadbare clothes or shabby shoes and gloves."

They discussed their hopes and plans for some time longer and then Wilfred, pleading fatigue, went to his own room, while Marcia fell to dreaming of Oakhurst and her future as its mistress.

She was looking paler than usual when Felix came to her the next evening, but her eyes were strangely brilliant and happy smiles wreathed her lips.

"I wonder, Felix," she said, when he had taken her into his arms, "how you would bear a burst of prosperity? Suppose, for instance, you should suddenly find that you had drawn a gilded prize, and I should turn out to be an heiress."

"Why," he said, "don't I feel myself unworthy enough of you, as it is? If you were rich, besides, I should never dare aspire to this pretty hand that I have won."

"Nonsense, Felix! Why, it wouldn't make the slightest difference with me if you suddenly became a veritable Croesus."

"That's quite another affair," sententially responded her lover, "it's on the cards for a man to offer a fortune to the woman he loves; but I could never come as a pauper to a rich wife; so I thank Heaven that you are not an heiress."

"But—Felix—I am," said Marcia, with gentle gravity. "It all seems very like a dream to me," she observed, after she had told him her story. "At first I was inclined to think it must be a mistake, but Wilfred saw the lawyer this morning and it is really true."

Poor Felix looked as gloomy over the story as if he had heard some much-dreaded news.

He had come to tell her that he had

secured a promising position on another paper, and that he should be able to make a home for her in the near future.

His pale, stern face cut Marcia to the heart.

"Felix!" she pleaded, softly, as she slipped her small hand into his. He turned and smiled sadly into the loving, upturned eyes, then laid the rose-hued palm against his lips. "Felix, if this money is going to



"Here, read the lawyer's letter yourself."

make any difference in your love for me I—shall hate it!" cried Marcia in a voice that was full of pain.

"My darling, nothing could ever do that—I could never be anything but faithful to you; but, you must not ask me to forget my self-respect," said the young man, with grave tenderness.

Marcia saw that he would not reverse his decision, and she was rather proud of him for the stand he had taken, so she reluct-

antly relinquished her project of buying a high-class magazine for him and the hope of thus making him a shining light in the literary firmament.

The spicy odor of early June roses floated in at the open windows of the great gray-stone mansion at Oakhurst, where nature and art combined had evolved a veritable Eden—a paradise on earth.

In the second story a slim white hand swept aside the filmy curtains of Decca gauze from a wide window, and Marcia Ludlow looked forth upon the fair domain which she and her brother had so recently inherited.

She turned away from the view outside, and a sigh of content escaped her lips as her glance swept around the luxurious room.

"Everything is so lovely! it is all so wonderful!" she murmured, dreamily.

Then crossing the room, she knelt before a beautifully decorated safe, and, opening it, began to pull out the drawers within it.

Next to curios and costly decorations, Miss Angeline's fad had been for collecting jewels and precious stones, and these had recently been sent home from the vault in the bank where they had been kept since her death.

There was a wonderful collar of emeralds; a necklace and other ornaments of diamonds; strings of pearls, some rose-colored like the inside of a seashell, others white and shimmering as moonbeams, bracelets set with great carbuncles that shone with a still lurid fire; rubies with their hearts of flame, besides rings, pins, jewels for the hair, and many other things.

The sight of this priceless array made Marcia catch her breath with mingled wonder and admiration.

"It all seems like a vision of the Arabian Nights' Entertainment," she breathed, as, having inspected every piece, she put them carefully back and closed the safe, after which she left the room, going slowly down the great stairway, through the lofty hall below and out on the veranda.

A moment later Wilfred, mounted upon a beautiful bay horse, came ambling up the driveway from the stable, and his eyes lighted with fond admiration as he caught sight of his sister.

"I'm off to take a look at the mine, Marcia," he said; "it is a fine day for a canter, and I haven't been over there yet. The men don't know me, and it will be a lark to sound them about the new owner before

telling them who I am. Ta! ta! I'll be back to dinner."

How handsome he looked as he rode away, the picture of health, vigor and happiness!

"Yah! yah! but Marse Wilfred's a right peart-lookin' young fellah," chuckled a smooth, mellow voice close behind Marcia.

"Why, Aunt Ginsey!" exclaimed Marcia, turning abruptly, and smiling into the beaming face of a tall, handsome mulatto woman who had suddenly appeared upon the scene, "you came as silently as a shadow."

"Lor', Mis' Marsh reckon I'se a powerful 'stantial shadder," said the woman, showing two rows of strong, white teeth in a broad grin. "But I'se had to wear dese yeah list slippers dat make no noise. Mis' Ange wor dat nervous todes de las' 'pears lak she c'd heah de flies walkin' on de wall. Yer see, I wor fatched up wid Mis' Ange frum a chile an' didn't mind her tantrums lak de res'; all de same, I 'dulged her in de matter ob de slippers; but when she done tole me 'bout dem decayin' ladies wot she 'low to lebe her money to I jes' 'pintedly up an' 'form her dat dis nigger'd nebber stay on de ole place wid no decayin' white trash peradin' 'roun'. She jes' laff an' say, 'W'y, Ginsey, yo' ole fool, don't yo' know dat's de perlite way ob speakin' 'bout ladies dat hab seen better days'—'decayed women' she call 'em. Dat sound mo' lak; all de same, I tole her it wa'n't right, fur dere was a little gal, fresh an' bright as a daisy, bress her heart! her own flesh an' blood, too, an' a fine, han'some fellah dat orter step right in yere when she got fru. She toss her head an' sniff, but nebber let on wot she gwine to do; seems tho' she cum to her right mind at las'—praise de Lord!"

"Yes, aunty, and I'm very glad she felt so kindly towards us—that is worth more to me than all the property," said Marcia, tears starting to her eyes.

"Dat's jes' lak yo' own deah self, honey; tho' 'pears lak s'if yo' orter b'en yere 'fore Mis' Ange went off, and I done sent yo' a 'special deliberance lettah, but yo'd moved again, po' lamb! an' I clean fergot t' ask Marse Wilfred where to—"

"Wilfred!" interposed Marcia, in astonishment. "Why! what do you mean, Aunt Ginsey? We haven't been inside of Oakhurst for three long years till now."

"Sartin shuah, yo' hasn't, honey; but didn't Marse Wil' tell yo' how he cum yeah when Mis' Ange so sick?"

"No, aunty."

"Wal, he did; he tole me he'd got to see her an' be rekencile fo' she die. But she jes' lay dar onsensible, wid wot de doctor call coming-toes, an' I cudn't rouse her no mo'n I cud wake de dead. Marse Wil, he wait an' wait, lookin' so white an' mis'ble I took him a nice lunch in de lib'ry. Dar he sot an' sot 'til Job hisself cudn't 'a' stood it; den, jes' fo' night he leff no bettah off 'n he cum, an' fo' mornin' Mis' Ange wor gone. But it's all turned out right, honey, an' yo' uns hab got yo' jus' deserts; bress de good Lord!"

"When was this, Ginsey?" queried Marcia, with a thoughtful air.

"De twenty-fif' ob March, fo' Mis' Ange went de mornin' of de twenty-six."

That was the time Wilfred had been gone so long, and she had asked Felix to find him, and Marcia wondered, with a vague sense of uneasiness, why he had kept his visit to Oakhurst a secret from her.

"I imagine it was because he failed in his object, poor fellow," she decided, with a regretful sigh. "Probably he hoped to effect a reconciliation and then surprise me with the good news."

And yet it impressed her as being a strange coincidence that he should have returned on the very day when the letter came informing them that Miss Ludlow had made her will in their favor.

Meanwhile, Wilfred was riding leisurely on his way.

All at once he came upon a small village, or, rather, a long straggling array of dilapidated wooden houses that were also sadly in want of paint. Neglected-looking children were playing in the street, and coarse, untidy women sat idly upon various doorsteps or stood in knots gossiping about matters interesting to themselves.

Some of the miners, belonging to the night shift, were also lounging drowsily about, smoking their pipes or chewing a nauseous cud; but every one paused abruptly, pricking up alert ears and regarding Wilfred with curious interest as he paced slowly down the street.

Suddenly there broke upon the still air a dull, thunderous roar, like the fall of a distant avalanche. The men's faces blanched with sudden fear. Women shrieked and rushed from their homes with wild eyes and tottering steps.

Then there followed a general stampede

towards some grimy-looking buildings at the lower end of the street.

"What is the matter? what has happened?" Wilfred called out in wonder to those who were rushing by him.

But in their eagerness to reach the scene of disaster, their answers were unintelligible; two words only could he distinguish of their breathless jargon, "The pit! the pit!"

So, with a foreboding of some horrible tragedy, he followed the excited procession.

As he neared one of the coal pits he beheld a wildly gesticulating crowd about it, and a clamor of voices filled the air.

A distraught-looking woman ran frantically up to him and caught him by the arm as he sprang from his horse.

"My Dick's down there in that pit!" she whispered, hoarsely. "Save him, sir! save him! I've got six children at home."

Then she darted away to others with the same heart-broken plaint.

There were other women who also stood near weeping and wringing their hands. Wilfred's heart grew cold and heavy as he listened to their grief.

"Tell me what has happened!" he said, authoritatively to a dazed-looking man who was nearest to him.

"It's a coal rush," was the brief response.

"And what is a coal rush?"

"Reckon ye don't know much about mines, sir," volunteered another, who overheard his question. "A pillar's got knocked out, down there, and let the coal rush in on the men—poor fellows! it's tough to be buried alive!" he shudderingly concluded.

"Then why in Heaven's name don't you send a force down to dig them out?" cried Wilfred, excitedly.

"We will, sir, as soon's we're sure the rush's over."

"But while you wait the men may die," retorted Wilfred, sharply.

The woman with the ghastly face and wild eyes now rushed forward again.

"Cowards!" she shrieked, "to stand still an' do nothing! Oh, Dick! Dick! I'll come—I'll come; yer wife'll try to save ye if no one else will."

And strong hands had to hold her forcibly back to keep her from going headlong into the mouth of the pit.

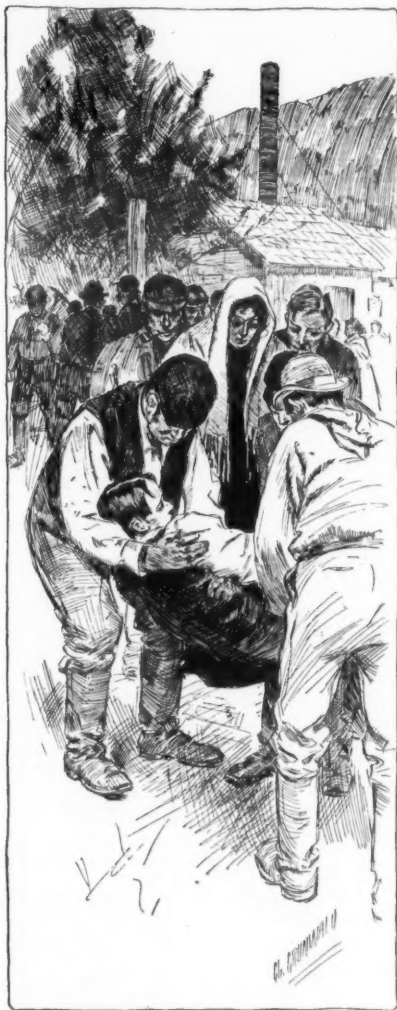
"Here, you men! listen to me!" Wilfred now called out in a resolute voice. "I am going down there; who will join me?"

"Bah! hearken to the dude," sneered a rough miner; "this ain't no game for boys."

"Boy or man, I shall go, all the same,"

calmly returned Wilfred, though the hot blood flushed his cheeks at the taunt.

"Look a' here, youngster," another here interposed, "ye'r a stranger in these parts,



"... his eyes were closed and there did not seem to be a sign of life about him."

an' ye ain't no call to mix up in this 'ere affair—ye'd better make yer'self scarce an' leave us to mind this 'ere business oursel's."

"Yes, I am a stranger to you all," said the young man, in a clear, resonant voice,

"but—I'm the owner of this mine; I am Wilfred Ludlow! and I cannot stand idly here while men's lives are in jeopardy. You can go to the rescue of your comrades when you feel sure it is safe to do so; but I'm going now. Engineer," and he turned authoritatively to the men who operated the cage—"do you understand?"

For a moment the crowd around him stared dumbly at one another.

Then a big, brawny Scotchman approached him with respectful mien and bared head.

"Gie us yer hand, mon," he said, extending his own. "Sandy McGee'll join ye with all his heart." Whereupon he shouldered a couple of picks and shovels.

"How many are down there?" Wilfred inquired, as he passed his bridle to a bystander and then calmly drew off his gloves.

"Half a dozen, maybe, in this pit," replied his companion, then led the way into the cage.

"This is a queer world!" thought Wilfred, as he found himself descending into the bowels of the earth. "There are such inequalities in life—what a miserable existence these poor devils lead!"

Above, the anxious crowd waited in almost breathless silence. A half hour, that seemed an age, elapsed, and the suspense was becoming almost unbearable.

Would the signal to hoist the cage ever sound?

Hark! a murmur ran through the crowd—a swaying to and fro like restless, surging sea waves after a storm. Then a hoarse cry: "There's the bell! quick! bring 'er up!"

Again silence fell upon those anxious men and women while they watched with jealous eyes the taut, massive chain and the revolving drum above it, until the cage came to the surface.

The men within it were black as the coal in the pit below; but the quick eyes of one woman instantly recognized her own—the first who stepped upon terra firma—and, with a glad cry, she threw herself into his brawny, outstretched arms.

"Oh, Dick!" she panted, "I was afeared ye were killed an' what would me an' the six babies do widout ye?"

"Where's the dude—the boss, I mean?" queried the miner who had previously jeered at Wilfred, as, after helping the maimed and battered unfortunates from the cage he found the young man was not among them.

"'E wouldn't budge—said the men must come first all 'at could; said 'e'd come wi' Sandy and 'tothers next load. 'E's no dude,

though—ye cudn't do better shovelin' yer-sel', Tom Watson," the man indignantly concluded.

"Three cheers f' the boss," shouted a voice from the crowd, and every throat responded with a vigor that made the welkin ring.

"Let 'er go ag'in an' be quick about it!" cried another to the engineer, and once more the car shot down into the depths.

There was another long wait before it returned, and then four men were counted within it—two grimy-looking objects with blood-shot eyes and pain-drawn faces, and Sandy McGee, who with a grave, stern face, held a limp form in his arms.

It was Wilfred. His eyes were closed, and there did not seem to be a sign of life about him.

"What's 'appened to him? Is 'e dead?" queried a chorus of subdued voices.

"Na, 'e's na dead, but I fear me 'e's gotten a mortal blow," said the Scotchman, with a sigh, as several sprang forward to relieve him of his burden and laid the young man gently on the ground. "Most o' the men were caught on the edge o' the drift," he continued, "an' we soon had 'em out—all but Wull Jones—I fear me Wull is done fur—we could na find him at all, though the young boss, there, swore he'd never come up 'til 'e wur found, an' 'e dug fur him like mad 'til a beam fell on him an' laid him out; puir laddie! I hope it is na his death stroke," and the man bent over Wilfred with an expression of keenest anxiety on his honest face.

The nearest cottage was Sandy McGee's, and thither they bore the young man with reverent steps and in respectful silence, where they laid him in bed in the best room.

Meantime, some one had taken Wilfred's horse and was speeding towards Oakhurst to break the sad news to Marcia, while another hastened away for the nearest physician.

Lights were glimmering in the cottages of the miners, and at the last house on the long, narrow street when Marcia was led by Sandy McGee into the room where lay Wilfred. She slipped out of the long black cloak which she had hastily wrapped around her, thus revealing a slim, straight figure in a simple white dress, and looking like some fair saint in the gloom of the lamplight. Wilfred knew her at once, and his eyes lighted with infinite tenderness as they rested upon her.

"Marcia!—sister!" he panted.

She dropped upon her knees beside him and laid her soft, warm cheek against his pallid face. But she could not speak—she was too benumbed for that.

"Are we alone, dearie?" Wilfred queried.

"Yes, all alone," she breathed, for Sandy McGee had beckoned every one away when she entered, then closed the door.

"Because I must tell you something, Marcia," he went on. "I can't go without telling, and—I've got to go, you know. I haven't enjoyed our fortune very long, have I?" he went on, with a wan smile. "My day is over almost at the beginning of life. Well, perhaps it's just retribution, but it seemed only right that Aunt Angeline's own people should have her money and not strangers. I know I was to blame for that quarrel—I know I have never been anything but a stumbling block to you and vowed that I would give you back what you had lost through my cursed—"

"Oh, Wil!" gasped Marcia, but folding her arms tenderly around him as she spoke.

"You did not know—but I went down to Oakhurst one day with the wild hope of softening her by confessing that I had been a dolt and deserved her displeasure. I meant to ask her to take you back into her good graces and save you from your life of drudgery, even if she could never forgive me. She was sick and unconscious, but I waited and waited, hoping she would revive. I was in the library—the safe is there; I knew the combination, for, you know, I was there when she bought it. I overheard the doctor tell Ginsey that Aunt Angeline would never know anything again. Then—I opened the safe. There were two wills in the drawer. I took away one—the one with the latest date, and which gave everything to establish a home for poor gentlewomen. Oh! I see, now, how dreadful it was!"—and his failing voice sank to an agonized whisper.

"Dear boy," murmured Marcia, with her lips against his cheek, and his face was not more ghastly than hers.

"But I did not destroy it, Marcia," he went on, after a moment. "I could not bring myself to do that, bad as I am. You'll find it in the bottom of my writing desk. You will do what is right and you'll forgive me everything, won't you, dear?"

"Yes, Wil, all is forgiven, and I will see that everything is made right."

"That comforts me—a great burden has dropped from my heart," said Wilfred, faintly, but with a restful sigh. Then a



bright light leaping into his eyes, he added, "I'm glad I've been able to do one good deed before the end—those men would all have been killed but for me, and one of them has six children. Oh, how I wished I could have saved the other! Something made me insist upon going down the shaft—I did not think of myself at all—only to save those poor fellows. Perhaps—God will let that—help—to balance the account against—me."

His white lids drooped and Marcia felt the hand that clasped hers relaxing its hold. He gave a gasp and died.

A few days later Marcia sat alone in the library at Oakhurst, holding Miss Ludlow's "last will and testament" in her hands. She had found it in Wilfred's desk, as he had said she would.

Wilfred had been laid away in the Ludlow vault, beside the woman whom he had been tempted to wrong, and it now remained for her to make restitution for him.

But—must she make this sacrifice? Was it absolutely imperative? Was the subtle temptation that suddenly wormed itself into her consciousness.

"I shall do what is right," she cried aloud, and immediately enclosed and addressed the will to Miss Ludlow's lawyer. She also wrote a brief note informing him that she had, that morning, discovered this later document. It had been left unsealed, she had read it, and finding herself cut off from the inheritance, she would leave Oakhurst as soon as practicable.

Then she wrote to Felix that she was no longer an heiress, and that he need not fear to claim her whenever he was ready for her, no matter how humble the home he had to offer her. But old Aunt Ginsey could not be reconciled to this change in the *régime* and raved and wept alternately.

"Wish to de Lord I'd foun dat yeah blarsted ole will!" she indignantly asserted while she paused to wipe the streaming tears from her ebon cheek lest they fall on the things she was packing for Marcia to take away and thus bring more "bad luck" to the young mistress whom she adored.

"It jes' done beat dis yeah ole darkey to understan' how dat onlucky will, 'bout de decayin' ladies, be de one to stan' when Mis' Ange write wills de whole 'durin' time an' den tear 'em to flinders. How yo' know dat de berry lastest one?" she asked, spitefully.

"Of course, I don't know positively, but it has a later date than the other, and it must stand," Marcia mildly replied.

"It jes' would done broke po' Marse Wilfred's heart to see dis day," the old servant continued, with a groan; "he nebber wur born to be po', nor you neither, honey, an' I jes' done think Mis' Ange couldn't rest easy in 'er grave," and she emphasized this last declaration by giving the garment she was about to fold—a handsome silk-lined wrapper—a vicious shake.

"Dis yeah's de gown she wore de day befo' she took t' 'er baid," she resumed, with a sniff, "an'"—with a violent start—"good Lord! I jes' 'done 'member she made anodder will dat berry day. She call me t' fotch de paper 'n she gib me kingdom come fur bringin' her blue paper—"

"Blue!" exclaimed Marcia, with a sudden thrill. "The will I sent the lawyer was written on white paper."

"Yah, blue's a robin's aigg," asserted Aunt Ginsey, positively; "an' I 'lowed was good luck. 'Blue's true,' I say to her, 'an' dere ain't no odder in de house.' So she done write on it an' den tole me to call in de plumbers, dat wer workin' yeah, to see her sign it. I swear dat wor de berry las' one, Mis' Marsh," the woman affirmed, excitedly, "kase she went commy-toes de berry nex' day."

She gave the wrapper another spiteful snap as she ceased. Something rattled noisily then—a folded blue paper slipped from a pocket and fell to the floor.

The garment was flung violently into a corner, and Aunt Ginsey clutched at the treasure with a chuckle of wild delight.

"What I done tole yo'?" she cried, waving it aloft in triumph; "dis yeah's dat blessed 'dential kingdom-come blue paper. Now, quick, Mis' Marsh, see who she gib de prop'ty to dis time," and she breathlessly thrust it into the girl's hands. It proved to be really Miss Ludlow's last will, in which she bequeathed all that she possessed to her "beloved niece and nephew," so Marcia never had to leave her dear, delightful Oakhurst, and Aunt Ginsey was happy.

And Felix had to marry an heiress, after all, for Marcia said she could not live there alone with all the care and responsibility, but a book, which appeared under his name soon after the happy event, created a great stir in the literary world, thus giving promise of a brilliant career for its young author.





Photo, copyright by Aime Dupont.

Coquelin.

As FLAMBEAU, in Rostand's poetic drama, "l'Aiglon."

## TOPICS OF THE THEATRE

AMERICAN theatre-goers have been favored this season with two imported attractions of distinct and extremely satisfactory interest. The first is the joint appearance of Bernhardt and Coquelin in "l'Aiglon"; the other, Pinero's "The Gay Lord Quex," with John Hare and Irene Vanbrugh in the principal rôles. In quality and value only two native productions compare with them: Mansfield's "Henry V." and Maude Adams in the English version of "l'Aiglon." The two importations invite consideration the more pointedly because author and stars in each case stand for the moment for the highest reach of dramatic art in France and in England.

The interest of an American in the petty tempest of the life that *l'Aiglon* led must be largely one of curiosity. Much is due therefore to Rostand as a dramatist and to Bernhardt and to Maude Adams as an actress for the success of "l'Aiglon" in this country. Much, also, is due to the broad, if often indiscriminate, taste of the American. To undertake to compare Bernhardt and Maude Adams in "l'Aiglon" were futile. Many are convinced that the wonderfully popular little American as the *Duke of Reichstadt* is superior to the Frenchwoman. Many others have no desire at all to see Maude Adams in this part. It may be that a middle class, having seen both women, is persuaded that each is better than the other. Perchance, we would do well to recall that Frenchmen who saw Gillette in "Secret Service" a couple of years ago, and later, saw the Paris production of the same play, had no doubt in declaring that the Frenchman who played Gillette's rôle handled it much better than Gillette. That Maude Adams looks more of a boy and younger in breeches than Bernhardt is not an overwhelming surprise. Maude Adams surely looks even younger when they are both in skirts, as Bernhardt must have an advance of fully a quarter of a century on Maude Adams. Think of the experience Bernhardt has acquired in that time, and do not forget the endowment and the cultivation with which Bernhardt began.

When you examine the translation and the original of "l'Aiglon" side by side you realize anew the inadequateness of translations. Perhaps the only translation ever said to be superior to the original is Coleridge's "Wallenstein"; and we do not know that the Germans confess so much. Louis N. Parker, who translated "l'Aiglon," made a good play out of it; and spoiled an excellent poem. But we feel sure he did not do so intentionally. "L'Aiglon" in the original exhibits all Rostand's elastic control of metre,

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Photo, copyright by Aime Dupont.

Sarah Bernhardt.

As LE DUC DE REICHSTADT, in Rostand's poetic drama, "l'Aiglon."

his copious supply of words and the luxuriance of his imagination. In "l'Aiglon" is evident also that habit of pedantry which in "Cyrano" permitted the much-quoted line defining a kiss as:

"Un point rose qu'on met sur l'i du verbe aimer."

As an example from "l'Aiglon," note this passage between *Reichstadt* and *Marmont* in the second act:

"*Reichstadt*: Duke of Ragusa, you betrayed him! You!

\* \* \* \* \*

You, traitor of Essonnes.

The mob has found new uses for your name

And coined a verb '*Raguser*,' to betray!

Why do you stand there silent? . . . ."

At this moment, *Metternich*, accompanied by *Prokesch*, crosses the room and says a few words in passing. When he and *Prokesch* are gone, *Marmont* speaks, telling *Reichstadt* that he did not betray him to *Metternich* just now, although he might have done so.

"*Reichstadt*: It only needed that you should *raguse*."

*Marmont*: Oh, conjugate the verb! I'll take a seat.

*Reichstadt*: What!

*Marmont*: I will let you conjugate the verb,

Because you were magnificent just now."

\* \* \* \* \*

Such comparisons may not seem pedantic to the French.

They make verbs and nouns at every *coup d'état*, at every exceptional success in the music halls. Besides, they live closer to their book of grammar than we, who are content if we can absorb the spirit of ours.

In the consideration of "l'Aiglon," some critics have been bold enough to rate Rostand with Shakespeare and to call *le Duc de Reichstadt* the French *Hamlet*. Another critic, whose name, William Winter, is guar-

antee of his authority, has an equal courage in declaring that Rostand copies Shakespeare. Mr. Winter places the balcony scene of "Cyrano de Bergerac" beside that of "Romeo and Juliet," and the scene of the spirits on the field of Wagram beside the famous ghost scene in "Richard III." Mr. Winter offers further instances in proof of his contention. Yet do we not

know that Shakespeare picked his plots where he could find them; and did not an article appear in this magazine some months ago holding up Homer and Shakespeare as trust magnates of plagiarism? How much of a plagiarist Rostand may be is a problem for literary sleuths; how much of a genius he may prove to be must be decided by the glib seers who can pierce the veil of the future. Perhaps Rostand may be part plagiarist and part genius. It may be that a few years from now we shall see in Rostand only a stagey and facile playwright with a Gilbertian command of language. Who knows that we shall not come to look upon "Cyrano de Bergerac" as poetic *patissérie* of the best quality?

In violent contrast to the heroics

of style and character treatment in "l'Aiglon," stands the dispassionate etching of certain phases of British life presented in "The Gay Lord Quex." In a lecture on the drama delivered some time ago, John Hare, for whom this play was written, suggested that a little pinch of Ibsen in four acts of Pinero was sufficient to the requirements of the British public. You might argue that there is some of Ibsen and some of de Mau-



Mansfield, as HENRY V.



John Hare  
and  
Irene Vanbrugh  
In  
Pinero's  
"The Gay Lord  
Quex."



*From a photograph of his portrait by Sir John E. Millais.*

*Downey photo.*



*Rose & Sands photo.*

Robert Drouet.  
As JACK BERRINGTON, in "Janice Meredith."



*Sarony photo.*

Lawrance D'Orsay.  
As THE KING, in "A Royal Family."



*Butler photo.*

Chauncey Oleott.  
In his new play, "Garrett O'Magh."



*Werner photo.*

Anna Laughlin.  
Playing LA SARAH MURPHY, in  
"The Belle of Bohemia."



Burr McIntosh.  
As PHILEMON HENNING, in  
"Janice Meredith."



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Maude Adams.

As DUKE OF REICHSTADT, in Louis N. Parker's adaptation of "Algon.".

passant in "The Gay Lord Quex." Perhaps, too, it is all Pinero, the Pinero of 1900. Such a group of immoral and unlovable men and women rarely makes up the persons of a play calculated to attract audiences. Yet

this comedy is one of the great successes of the year in London and in New York. Besides, it has proved to be a success in the English provinces, and there is hardly question of its success in the big cities of the United States. We should not wonder at this, however, for the play is flawlessly constructed, and the presentation of it is perfect. Mr. Hare's stage management of "The Gay Lord Quex" deserves only less praise than we must allow him for his interpretation of the title part. As *Sophy Fullgarney*, the manicurist, Irene Vanbrugh, seems to some people to have even greater opportunities than John Hare's part affords. The truth is that Mr. Hare and Miss Vanbrugh have about an equal share of opportunities, and they have made a personal hit with New York audiences, which will insure attention whenever they visit us again. Mr. Hare's previous tours in this country were marred by lack of a thoroughly suitable play. Miss Vanbrugh made a



Rose Gr. Sands photo.

Thurlow Bergen.

As ALBERT DE MORCEIF, in "Monte Christo."



The Agoust Family of Jugglers.

little spurt here a few years ago in the company of her sister and Arthur Bourchier. She was favorably considered at the time, but the play died so quietly and naturally that American audiences must have forgotten her. It is the more pleasant, therefore, to welcome her now in triumph. Mr. Gilbert Hare as *Sir Chichester Frayne*, gave an excellent character study. In fine,

Mr. Hare's company is admirably balanced. Only a well-trained company could get the value out of the crisp meat of Pinero's lines. Here is a speech spoken by *Mrs. Eden*, whose character is representative of the whole play:

"... a man loves to think a girl is like an angel—beautiful pink and white right through, with no clockwork. The moment she complains of headache, or toothache, or a chilblain on the heel, the angel game is off, and she has got to try and hold her own as a simple mortal. And as a mortal she's not in it with a man. No, it's angel or nothing with us women. I remember my Mater saying to me when I was engaged to Jack: 'Sybil, now mind! enjoy the very best of health till you have been married at least ten years; and then be sure you have an excellent motive for cracking-up.'"

In view of the fact that the two most noteworthy plays of the season are of foreign origin, and that the Empire Theatre Company, our most popular regular dramatic company, will begin the season with "Mrs. Dane's Defense," by Henry Arthur Jones,

it is appropriate to quote from a letter that Daniel Frohman addressed to the American Dramatists' Club. This letter was read at



Photo copyright by Aline Dupont

Henrietta Crossman.  
As NELL GWYN.



Photo copyright by Rockwood.

Ada Rehan.  
As NELL GWYN.



Photo by J. C. Strauss.

Tim Murphy.

Starring in "The Carpet Bagger," and "A Bachelor's Romance."



Photo by J. C. Strauss.

Dorothy Sherrod.

As SYLVIA, in "A Bachelor's Romance."

the club's dinner, which Mr. Frohman was unable to attend:

"It will probably not be controverted that

"But the difficulty of providing material for the vast assortment of people which makes up our public is a greater problem here than it is abroad. The English author



*Savoy photo.*

John Drew.

As RICHARD CARVEL.

the English writers seem more prolific than ours; superior sometimes in technique, and often in literary art, and frequently in invention; and they show an expertness in that treatment of character which gives such distinction to a work for the stage, though the effect of the artistic beauty of their plays is often destroyed, as a marketable commodity in this country, by their themes. The average English audience appears to like what is called the problem play. The American audience, to its credit, turns from it. Sensationalism on the stage may thrive for the moment, but enduring prosperity comes mainly to the plays of wholesome interest, where the integrity of the hearthstone and the purity of the family relations are maintained. This is where the American dramatist steps in. . . .



Minnie Tracey.  
Grand Opera Soprano.



*Glasotype photo.*

Mrs. Annie Yeamans.

As MRS. DOOLEY, in "The House That Jack Built."





Mary Mannering.

Who is starring in "Janice Meredith." Miss Mannering is standing in the doorway, through which Gen. Putnam made his exit for his famous ride at Greenwich, Conn.

writes for an audience that is exclusively English, the French and German writers, for audiences that are entirely French and German; but the American author and manager have to consider the tastes of a far more heterogeneous public. The distinctively American patron is not the one factor to consider, for the American theatre profits by the patronage of people made up of every nationality in the world. It is not, therefore, so homogeneous in its tastes as the audience abroad, and the manager, in considering plays, must therefore appeal to a wider and more varied patronage."

It is curious to notice that this season's most successful plays of Ameri-



Chickering photo.

Peter F. Dailey.  
In "Hodge, Podge & Co."

can origin have been taken from novels by American authors. "Richard Carvel," "Janice Meredith," "David Harum," "When Knighthood Was in Flower," are the most prominent examples. Moreover, the novels of these titles have enjoyed a certain popularity in England, to the detriment of the home product. "In the Palace of the King," Viola Allen's great success, appeared in serial form last year, although the plot of the novel was drawn up by F. Marion Crawford expressly to provide a play for Miss Allen. On the other hand, of American plays, written as plays, we have such successful pieces as "Arizona" and "Sag Harbor."

## AN EDITORIAL

BECAUSE it gives a clue to the policy of "Ainslee's" we take the liberty of quoting from a notice that appeared a couple of months ago in *The Literary World*, of Boston:

"It is to inventiveness that the marked success of AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE must be attributed . . . . The editors . . . . instead of following in the usual path, seeking writers merely on account of big names, as so many of our editors do, planned unique and attractive features and sought out and fostered new writers . . ."

It seems to us that this critic has hit upon the kernel of our ambition. We have always felt that to win distinction in the magazine world to-day a publication must have invention and resource. We have tried to get the new point of view on all subjects. We have endeavored to be graphic and entertaining, moreover, in the treatment of such subjects.

As a product of the inventive spirit we aim to preserve, we may mention the name of Harvey Sutherland. Regular readers of "Ainslee's" have become familiar with this name through some of the most original articles that have appeared in any magazine. The writer has the knack of handling subjects of human interest, from Flies to Fortune-tellers and the Human Skin, so that you are always either smiling or laughing while you are picking up a good deal of sound information. A curious article by Mr. Sutherland, soon to be published, is called, "Queer Uses of Ordinary Things."

One of the most widely-quoted of our articles appeared in the Christmas number under the title, "The Men That Make Our Laws," by L. A. Coolidge. It is a readable and complete picture of the personalities in Congress, making direct appeal to almost every congressional district in the Union. Mr. Coolidge has enjoyed a long and fortunate experience of Washington life and politics and is one of the best-known correspondents in that city. His articles of national interest have been assiduously sought by "Ainslee's" because his sources of information are manifold and because his attitude is impartial. Mr. Coolidge is preparing several articles for "Ainslee's" that will be published in the course of the year.

The serious features in American life that

we have written about under such titles as "Our Foreign Population," "The Gerry Society," and "Genesis of the American Horse," we shall continue to search out. "The Decay of Our Manners," by John Gilmer Speed, to be published shortly, is a pungent little essay bound to raise discussion. "The Readjustment of American Traffic Systems" is a dramatic tracing of the evolution of transportation problems which has resulted in the marvelously rapid growth of the Middle West. Among articles on the picturesque side of great industries, we shall have, "The Business of a Yellow Journal" and "Politics as a Business." Of such studies of unique features in our life as "Star of Hope," the newspaper published by the convicts of Sing Sing prison, and "The Wonder of Vaudeville," we shall have articles on "The Woman Citizen," "Piston Against Trolley," and "The Pursuit of the Life Germ."

When we make the contention that "Ainslee's" is a timely magazine, we do not cherish any delusions of rivaling the daily and weekly papers. Yet we keep a close eye not only on the movement of life at home, but also on the drifting fate of the peoples of the world. Allen Sangree secured for "Ainslee's" one of the only two interviews granted to magazines by President Krueger at Pretoria. "Yankee Millionaires in South America," by Douglas White, told the story of those of our countrymen who have made fabulous fortunes in the sister continent of this hemisphere. "The Most Striking Figure in South American Politics," Mr. White's next article, is an account of the intensely fascinating career of President Cuestas, of the Uruguayan Republic. Some of the most extraordinary photographs we have ever seen accompany this article. "Ainslee's" covered China at the height of the excitement there with articles by His Excellency Wu Ting Fang and by Professor John Fryer and Professor I. T. Headland. Miss Anna Northend Benjamin crossed Siberia and gave a picture of the people and the country at once vivid and truthful. We shall soon publish an article on important phases of Japan's development, and an article of unusual value called, "The New Federation of Australia."